

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 24, 1962 25 CENTS



Special Issue:

THE BOLD AMERICAN





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Next issue

WHO WILL IT BE? The Jan. 7 issue, two weeks from now, presents the 1962 Sportsman of the Year, whose performances as athlete and man excelled all others during the past year.

HOW TO PLAY SQUASH is revealed in six pages of drawings and text by Frank Mullin, Rex Lardner and Al Melloy Jr., the University of Pennsylvania coach and a top teaching pro.

MIGHTY JOE MORDOVITS was the real-life Paul Bunyan of the Pacific Northwest mountains. Now Dolly Connolly recounts his fabulous story in detail for the first time anywhere.



POINT OF FACT

A Rose Bowl quiz to stimulate the memory and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

7 How did the Rose Bowl game originate?

• On New Year's Day, 1889, Pasadena, Calif. held a community sports program. It featured running races, tilting at rings on horseback and, a few years later, Roman chariot races. The program was preceded by a parade known as the Tournament of Roses, and, as years passed, the pageant and sports entertainment drew large crowds from surrounding areas. In 1902 the University of Michigan football team was barnstorming the West and was asked by the Tournament of Roses Association to play a game with Stanford as Pasadena's main New Year's Day sports event. The game turned out to be a disaster for California's representative (Michigan won 49-0) and, whether for that reason or for others, the football game idea was dropped and the chariot races resumed. In 1915 Pasadena decided to give football another try, and the second Tournament of Roses Association game was played January 1, 1916. This time the West Coast team, Washington State, defeated Brown 14-0, and the first postseason bowl game was firmly established. For seven years the games were played in Pasadena's Tournament Park. In 1923 the Rose Bowl itself, an enormous stadium erected on the city's outskirts, became the official site of the New Year's Day game. With one exception, it has been played there ever since. In 1942, because of wartime restrictions on the Coast, the game was transferred to Duke Stadium in Durham, N.C.

7 What college has the best Rose Bowl record?

• Southern California, which has played in the most games—12 since 1923—and has

continued

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POINT OF FACT *continues*

won nine and lost only three. Alabama is next in number of wins with a 4-1-1 record.

7 How many tie games have been played, and what teams were involved?

• There have been only three ties in the bowl's 48-game history, and all of them occurred before 1930. California and Washington & Jefferson played to a scoreless tie in 1922. Navy and Washington tied at 14-0 two years later, and in 1927 Alabama and Stanford ended the game 7-7.

7 Four Rose Bowl games were won by a single point. What years did this happen?

• In 1920 Harvard defeated Oregon 7-6, the latter gaining all its points on two field goals. Alabama beat Washington 20-19 in 1926, and Stanford defeated Pittsburgh 7-6 in 1928—both games were decided on points-after-touchdowns. In 1929 Georgia Tech beat California 3-7 with the help of football's most unusual performance. The score was 0-0 in the second quarter when California's Roy Riegels became confused and earned the ball 65 yards toward his own goal before being tackled at the one-foot line by teammate Benny Lom. The next play turned into a safety for Georgia Tech when Lom punted from behind his own goal line—the kick was blocked, and was touched last by a California player before it went out of bounds. In the third quarter Georgia Tech scored a touchdown but missed the extra point, to lead 8-0. Riegels' monumental goof proved the difference when California scored what would have been the winning touchdown and extra point in the fourth period.

7 What was the highest score of a Rose Bowl game?

• There have been two 49-0 scores, and both times Michigan was the winner. In the 1902 inaugural game against Stanford, Fielding Harris (Hurry Up) Yost's "point-a-minute" team just about lived up to its name. Forty-six years later Herbert Orrin (Fitz) Crisler's untied and unbeaten Michigan team repeated its predecessor's performance over U.S.C.

7 The most points scored by one team in a Rose Bowl game is 18, a record held by two fallbacks. Who were they?

• In 1925 Elmer Layden of Notre Dame scored three touchdowns, as his team trampled Stanford 27-10. Layden's second and third touchdowns were made on intercepted passes. Jack Weisenburger of Michigan equaled Layden's feat in 1948, when he ran for three touchdowns in Michigan's 49-0 slaughter of Southern California.

—MARY ANN GOULD



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SCORECARD

NOT NOW, RIGHT NOW

President Kennedy's stern warning to the AAU and NCAA to end their bitter war once and for all brought home to millions of Americans what readers of this magazine have been aware of since the AAU-NCAA fight broke into the open more than a year ago—that unless the struggle for control of amateur sport in the U.S. is settled this country will not have an Olympic team in 1964. The trace arranged a month ago by the President's brother, Attorney General Kennedy, was broken by the AAU, which refused at its convention to ratify the so-called "coalition" agreement engineered by the Attorney General; the "coalition" in effect gave the NCAA side most of what it was fighting for—which is practical control of the most important amateur sport, track and field.

After the President's statement, the two groups indicated they would submit the dispute to an arbitration committee. We suggest that the AAU recognize the realities of the situation—that its absolute control of amateur sport is a thing of the past. We suggest that the NCAA, and particularly its executive director, Walter Byers, recognize its new and rather frightening responsibility to amateur athletes at every level, and that it make a clear-cut statement spelling out that responsibility. And we suggest that the fight stop. Now.

INSIDE TRACK

• The American Machine and Foundry Company has offered to put up a purse of \$200,000—with \$100,000 of it going to the winner—for a golf tournament to be known as the Ben Hogan Championship. The event, which would be the richest in golf history, would be played at Fort Worth's Colonial Country Club in May, replacing the Colonial Invitational. The club has quietly agreed to approve the new tournament for 1963. The Professional Golfers Association has not yet approved, however. It is concerned that such a big money event would detract from its own championship which is scheduled for July in Dallas. The PGA

would prefer to have the new tournament begin in 1964.

• Australia's longtime tennis star Rod Laver will sign a professional contract immediately after the conclusion of Davis Cup play. With a big new name, the pros will be back in the U.S. for a 1963 tour.

• The American Broadcasting Company has decided not to provide coast-to-coast television coverage for Bing Crosby's Pebble Beach tournament in January, because the finals would conflict with Arnold Palmer's *Challenge Golf*, a half-hour outdoor party game that is also telecast by ABC. It is an ironic turnabout, for lost is the TV exposure that made golf, Arnold Palmer and even *Challenge Golf* what it is today. And lost also is the TV fee of at least \$75,000, all of which was headed to charity.

BAD SHOW

Baseball's official film of the 1962 World Series was shown for the first time the other day, providing unassailable proof that 1) the Yankees win it in seven, and 2) baseball diamonds are green. Other than that, the film—as always—turns out to be really no more than a box score in postcard color. All the building excitement of what is sport's greatest prolonged event is lost in an endless repetition of five stock shots: 1) pitcher winding up; 2) batter swinging; 3) batter running towards first base; 4) runner crossing home plate; 5) spectators cheering. There is no attempt to capture the mood and theme of each game, or the individual drama—for example, Whitey Ford's slow but eventually successful effort to contain the Giant attack in the first game, or Jack Sanford's bitter losing struggle in the fifth game.

Even the slow-motion reruns of key plays were uninformative. Felipe Alou's leap against the fence to deflect Roger Maris' near-homer in the first inning of the first game was depicted far more clearly in still photographs. And the most important and most debated play of the series—Matty Alou's failure to score on Willie Mays's last-inning double

in the seventh game—is presented just the way it was on TV two months ago: you see Maris pick up the ball in right field and make his excellent throw to Richardson, who relays it to Howard at the plate, a bit high and a bit up the line towards third; you see another shot of Alou rounding third and being held up by Coach Whitey Lockman. But you never see Alou and the throw simultaneously, so that it is impossible for those who see the film to make their own judgment as to whether Alou should have tried to score.

SEET

In England animals get more loving care than people, and even mice have their adorers. The National Mouse Club is 67 years old and has 375 members, including, of all things, 50 women. It holds 40 to 50 mouse shows a year, with anywhere from 200 to 1,000 mice on display. One mouse fancier maintains there is more fun breeding mice than there is running a horse stud farm, since the costs are less and everything happens so much faster.

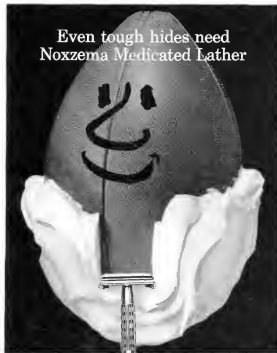
Recently the National Mouse Club made news by appointing its first woman judge, a pretty, brunette secretary



called Sonia Fryer. Miss Fryer first began to love animals at the age of 3 when a horse kicked her in the face just because she had pulled his tail. Judge Fryer at last count had 70 champagne-colored mice in her mouse stable located in the garden back of her Manchester house, but, as she herself admits, "You never really know from one minute to the next." She has won plenty of prizes, but her champion is a fleet mouse called

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

Speedy Gonzales, who recently copped a cup at a show that sent his value up from 10 shillings to £2.

"A show winner," Miss Fryer says, "should have a good color, big, tulip-shaped ears, prominent eyes—the more they stick out the better—and a nice, racy look. The tail should be straight, set well onto the body and should taper like a whip. Its condition should be excellent and its coat shining."

To insure shining coats mouse handlers rub the mice every day with a silk cloth. A variety of food from bread and water to birdseed and meat also helps. Miss Fryer's mice have parakeets, tortoises and a dog as company, but no cats. "Cat is a nasty word," says Sonni.

THINK BIG

Edwin Ahlquist, Ingemar Johansson's adviser, is talking up a Johansson-Liston fight to take place in Sweden this summer in Goteborg's 62,000-seat Nya Ullevi Stadium. A few details remain to be cleared up, like Sonny Liston's return-bout contract with Floyd Patterson, but Ahlquist is roaring ahead with his plans, including a ticket scale with ringside seats going for 600 kroner, or about \$115. Ahlquist has already sold 40 ringsiders, so even if the fight doesn't come off he'll have at least one record to boast of—the highest-priced ringside seats in the history of heavyweight boxing. The previous top was \$100.

BINGO IN FLORIDA

Tropical Park in Florida has begun to experiment with 10-race cards on Wednesdays, Saturdays and holidays, a device designed to squeeze more betting into a day's activity and, concomitantly, more revenue out of it. Gulfstream Park, which originated the idea and obtained approval from the Florida State Racing Commission, will also run the 10-race cards when its meeting begins later in the winter. Hialeah Park will not.

The reason for the increase to 10 races is not necessarily—or immediately—the added income. In Florida the three major tracks (Tropical, Gulfstream, Hialeah) split the racing season. The track with the highest mutual handle gets its choice of next season's dates. Hialeah has led the mutual parade for years, and therefore has held its meeting during the peak of the tourist season (1963 dates: Jan. 17 through March 4). Gulfstream's season comes later when sunbathers and horse-

players are moving north with the spring. If Gulfstream runs 10 races on Wednesdays and Saturdays its mutual handle could eventually exceed Hialeah's, and it would get the choice of dates. If that happens, Hialeah's superb schedule of stakes for 3-year-olds (an exciting and necessary prelude to the Kentucky Derby) will be disrupted, to the detriment of racing all over the country. Eugene Moes, chairman of the board of Hialeah, says his track will not go to 10 races a day. "Nine races is more than enough," he says. "In fact, we'd be just as happy running eight races a day."

We recognize that horse racing is a business, and that businesses like to make money. But it is also a sport, and that fact should never be forgotten. If income is the only reason for racing, the number of races per day could conceivably grow to 12, 15, 18, and our race tracks would become gigantic outdoor bingo parlors. The Florida State Racing Commission should put a stop to this 10-race nonsense right away. Or else change its name to the Florida State Bingo Commission.

FOGGY NIGHT IN LONDON TOWN

Last week in London a fighter billed as Belarmino Frago, Portuguese lightweight champion, was knocked out in the third round. Shortly afterward Frago, from his home in Portugal, informed officials of the British Boxing Board of Control that not only hadn't he been knocked out, he hadn't even been out of Portugal. "Well," said Teddy Waltham, secretary of the BBBC and referee of the bout: "It was a very foggy night. . . ."

FLOWERING SPIRIT

Dodger President Walter O'Malley, a man of impeccable taste—though it so very often runs to things green—is rewarding loyal Los Angeles rooters with a landscaping program for Chavez Ravine that is costing \$1 million. Sore-footed National League ballplayers will be delighted to hear that the program includes extensive work on the playing field. It has been plowed four times to a depth of 20 inches to help eliminate the hard surface that aroused so much criticism last season.

But the major aspects of O'Malley's beauty treatment are being concentrated off the field. On the parking lot banks, for instance, there will be red bougainvillea and blue plumbago, and petunias in cantilevered bowls. And beyond the outfield the once barren perimeter hills will

continued



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SCORECARD continued

be dressed by summer in the dazzling hues of California poppies, harkspur, paintbrush, wild pansies, lupine and Johnny-jump-ups.

Not only that, but the stands, too, will blossom even more than they did in 1962, with a greater-than-ever array of blooming Angelinos, clinging Hollywoods, creeping Anaheim's, climbing Burbanks and wild Beverly Hillbillies—season ticket sales are up 7½% over last year already.

NEW HOPE FOR TENNIS

Ted Avory, chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association of Great Britain, has some refreshingly vigorous views on tennis. "My strictly personal view is that our lawn tennis association should break away from the international federation and stage our own open championships at Wimbledon. I will go even further than this in saying that I consider that the words 'amateur' and 'professional' should be removed from the rules governing lawn tennis, and that everyone should be called 'player.' Only in this way can the hypocrisy that is so often associated with our game be eliminated."

These are by far the wisest and most practical words we have yet heard spoken by anyone in authority on the tennis scene. We hope that Avory's "strictly personal view" quickly becomes official policy.

I REMEMBER MOLESKIN

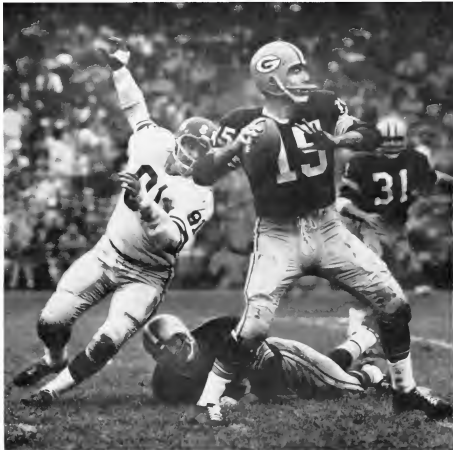
For those who like to sprinkle their cocktail conversation with its terms from professional football, here are some late words of advice:

Don't ever say "hard-nosed." No one uses it anymore except lady columnists and cub scout leaders. Call a tough player a "load" or a "horse" or a "stud" as in "Jim Taylor's a load" or "What a horse that guy is" or "There's a real stud."

Don't use aging expressions like "red dog" or "blitz," even though these are still accepted terms in the game. Say "storm" or "shoot" or "fire" or "rocket" and call the linebacker who does it a "plunger."

Instead of saying a team is "up" or "hot" or "on fire," mutter casually, "They're really putting on a club rush, aren't they?" Dick LeBeau of Detroit explains, "Heck, you can give a steak a club rush. You just fall on it and devour it."

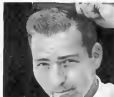
END



Bart Starr (15), Green Bay quarterback, pinpoints his receiver, then his arm, before being maddled by Gord and Andy Robustelli (81), Dec. 3, 1961. Starr led the Packers to a 20-17 win.

HEADS UP PLAY

HEADS UP LOOK



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15



Sculpture of Catherine Delake Bown by Jack Gregory Photograph by Seymour Mednick

OUR HERITAGE OF BOLDNESS

"We are the heirs of all time," wrote Herman Melville a century ago, "and with all nations we divide our inheritance." In this essay the distinguished historian and biographer, Catherine Drinker Bowen, has analyzed the intangible elements in the heritage of every American handed on from the circumstances of the discovery of the New World and the perils and opportunities of mastering a continent. It is a heritage of boldness, which has powered the magnificent American accomplishments. Yet it includes something light-hearted and carefree as well, and in the pages that follow there are pictured a few of the innumerable expressions of our native gift: the disciplined endurance of champions, the daring exploits of sky divers and white-water canoeists, the imaginative audacity of designers and architects—a part of that boldness in the pursuit of happiness that gives enduring meaning to the transient excitements of sport.

They were bold from the first. Bold in dreaming, bold in persistence. It is no mere boast, because they made their dreams come true. A man stood on the shores of Portugal and looked westward, nearly five centuries ago. From the way the winds blew, from the seasonal steadiness of them and the direction, the man conjectured there might be land behind these winds. A mariner might sail, and by dead reckoning—by the log, by the compass—he might find this land.

A wild thought, a bold dream, yet it came true; the land was found. Spain, all Europe, England heard of it. "The breath of hope," said Francis Bacon, "which blows on us from that New Continent . . ." adding that Columbus had made hope reasonable. In these beginnings is something symbolic, something the American mind leaps to meet. The ships embarked, captained by freemen, adventurers. At the end of

voyage, at the end of hazard, struggle, endurance and high gamble, our country was found. On a perilous horizon America took shape and was realized.

The years passed, and the generations. Not Columbus now but America herself made hope reasonable. Put it in terms of government—1787: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Europe laughed. "We, the people." What kind of a phrase was that? Nowhere had so big a federation been attempted, nowhere so bold a vision entertained. In high good spirits and in deadly earnest, John Adams of Massachusetts wrote to the Virginians: "When, before the present epocha, had three millions of people full power and a fair opportunity to form and establish the wisest and happiest government that human wisdom can contrive?" *continued*

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

Europe watched and waited. A government had been erected on the proposition that all men are by nature equally free and independent. Preposterous statement, subverting the established order! Nor did the Americans pause to argue their statement or bolster it decently with citation of ancient authority, after the fashion of the times. They simply declared certain "truths" to be "self-evident." *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, they wrote on the Great Seal of the United States: A new order for the ages.

Was ever a country, young or old, so brash? How serious, asked Europe, were these Americans? More importantly, how powerful were they and how long could they sustain this impudent program, which by its mere existence threatened ruling classes everywhere? Europe laid traps, offered bribes, threats, inducements, hoping to divide these united states and bring them low. A federation so large, embracing such diversified regions and interests, would surely fail, disintegrate, slip and slide of its own weight in one quarter or another. In the Old World only an occasional statesman saw into the future, as Edmund Burke in the House of Commons. "America," he said, "which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savages and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that [British] commerce which now attracts the envy of the world."

It is a story often told, yet to Americans it does not grow stale. Threats from without only helped to solidify the Union. It was from within the real danger came. Ours was a country founded in a religious era by men of fierce fighting piety and dogma. Religion could have divided us; we had seen the religious wars of Europe and we were forewarned. From the first, Americans made a separation of church and state that was to remain profoundly sig-

nificant, giving citizens a scope and a hope which nowhere else was entertained. "There is no argument," announced the Presbytery of Hanover, Virginia (1776), "in favour of establishing the Christian religion, but what may be pleaded with equal propriety, for establishing the tenets of Mahomed by those who believe the Alcoran."

A bland statement, satisfied with merely setting forth. Thomas Jefferson, writing the *Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty*, said it more urgently—but this was a man who could not put pen to paper without leaving a trace of fire down the page: "Whereas Almighty God hath created the mind free . . . our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, any more than our opinions in physics and geometry."

What did these statements, these documents and declarations do for Americans individually, and how were men, singly, motivated thereby? Nowhere had these documents mentioned "the individual" or addressed themselves to him. Yet by this government and this system the American individual was freed exactly as if fetters had been struck from him. In Europe since time immemorial men had been divided into classes, "some to toil and earn, others to seize and enjoy." The U.S. Constitution provided for neither class nor privilege. All was mobile, a man could move up or he could slip down. It was a wholly unprecedented departure, and to Americans, both immigrant and native born, it gave extraordinary scope. Neither the Declaration of Independence nor the Constitution claimed to make timid men courageous, lazy men active or stupid men bright. But these documents allowed bold men to be bold; they unlocked doors, let Americans walk through, each one to his destiny.

Take it in terms of those men who opened up our western territory. In 1804 President Jefferson dispatched the Captains Lewis and Clark westward to map out a land route to the Pacific. For some 16 months the two traveled the wilderness, rode turbulent river waters, broke trail—careful always to draw their maps, record their meticulous pictured reports of birds, fishes, wild animals. On a rainy November morning of 1805 Clark looked westward from his mountain camp above the Columbia River

and wrote, in his own phonetic spelling, "Oeian in view! O! the Joy!"

Trappers, fur traders, the Long Hunters and the Mountain Men . . . The Mormons carried fiddles across the plains, and there was dancing within the circle of wagons below the dry western mountains. Bold men and women; scared, hungry, sick yet surmounting . . . Daniel Boone with his yellow eyebrows and sharp blue eyes ran the forest trails in Kentucky, fast as an Indian. A quiet man, serene and easy, who ended up with an appalling series of debts paid, 50¢ left over and a reputation for rifle shooting that would inspire American boys for a century.

These were Americans, the American type. And they developed not alone because the frontier stretched before them, limitless and inviting. Other countries possessed virgin lands, timber, rivers, mines, rich plains. Yet could Daniel Boone be imagined anywhere but in America? *"All power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people."* The impact of such ideas, entered upon unitedly, set down on paper, signed and sealed, can send a man on a very far journey.

But political ideals, like law, are of no use unless implemented. It was union which gave us power; it was the federal idea which gave us scope. Nevertheless, even in America the doubters still spoke out. National federation on such a scale was impossible, they said; it was impractical altogether. The country had grown too big for union. In 1828, an election year, Harvard College had a debate: "How can one man be President of the United States when it is eventually settled from Atlantic to Pacific?" The noes were victorious. The nation would have to be cut up into republics, each with its separate president. Andrew Jackson could be president of Tennessee, John Quincy Adams of New England.

Thirteen states became 20, became 34. Through the terrible years, 1861-65, the Union held. When Richmond fell and the Civil War was over, citizens celebrated. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, men stood on soapboxes, stood in pulpits to orate. But it was not the word victory that stirred them. "The United States," they said, like a refrain. At the word united, the crowds went crazy. Tears poured down men's faces. "Yes, sir!" they shouted.

"Yes sir, you bet! The U-nited States of America!"

"I have often inquired of myself," said Lincoln, "what great principle or idea it was that kept this [federation] so long together. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all would have an equal chance." To Americans an equal chance means a chance to excel, get ahead, win the race, beat the other fellow to the prize. Consider the year 1865, and a transcontinental railway to be laid. The scheme had been authorized by Congress. Two companies contracted for the work: Central Pacific, Union Pacific, the one to start laying track at Omaha, the other in California, and the tracks to meet eventually at Promontory Point, Utah. (A federation needs, above all, communication, interchange of commerce.) The railway has been called a work of giants; it was sparked and spurred by giants: Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker the engineer.

In whatever spirit the project had been conceived, before two years were out it had become a race and a competition, unequaled for magnitude in sporting circles or business circles before or since. It was a game, an epic, an American legend:

"At the head of great Echo,

The railway's begun.

The Mormons are cutting

And grading like fun."

Thousands of Chinese laborers from the West, Irish laborers from the East, competed under their bosses as to which gang could lay the most track, matched skill and endurance, or even fought it out on occasion with charges of dynamite and killed each other in the doing. Snow in the Sierras, higher than a man's head. Night storms in the hot Nebraska plains, the water foul to drink. By May 1869 the two companies were within a dozen miles of meeting. The whole country watched, getting the news by telegraph where it could. On May 10 the tracks came together, the last spike was hammered. In the cities cannon boomed, firebells rang, citizens paraded. Nobody remembered who had won, they only knew the goal was reached.

There was a joyousness about it, a shouting, lusty braggadocio. Competition! The great, *continued*

reckless, expensive American game had begun. Followed now the captains of industry: steel kings, oil kings, railroad manipulators. In their day they were called promoters, and the word did not bear a pretty connotation. A rich land lay ready to their hand and they took it over: Astors, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, men who founded dynasties that are powerful today. Choose the names as you will: Gould, Jay Cooke, Carnegie, Schwab, E. H. Harriman, J. J. Hill, J. P. Morgan. Bold men who, for the most part, came from plain beginnings, men whose imagination was limitless, who worked the country for what it was worth, using and discarding human material as they chose, and who built America into the greatest industrial productive system the world has ever seen. Pause for a moment on only one of them: Cornelius Vanderbilt of the New York Central and Hudson railroads, who made himself an empire. Observe him at 73, still powerful, erect, pink-cheeked, with an opulent spread of whiskers, and boasting a young southern bride and a stable of fine trotting horses. "Law?" said Commodore Vanderbilt. "What do I care about law? Hain't I got the power?"

These men seized opportunity and used it; such a chance would never recur. Over against them rose the labor leaders, Americans made bold in their turn by desperation, Uriah S. Stephens and Terence V. Powderly of the Knights of Labor, Samuel Gompers and, much later, the towering, scowling, well-nigh symbolic figure of John L. Lewis. Pushing along with them on the road came the bold men and women of moral protestation, fighting corruption in business and politics, fighting the evils of a too rapidly expanding industrialization. Ida Minerva Tarbell attacked the princes of Standard Oil, drove her lance against giants and lost the fight, but made her voice heard. Governor Altgeld of Illinois dared to pardon the anarchists after the Chicago Haymarket riots. Henry George, the visionary, promoted his single tax, ran for mayor of New York and polled more votes than Theodore Roosevelt. Jane Addams, Jacob Riis fought the city slums. The suffragettes and the temperance ladies marched with their banners: Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Anna Howard Shaw, Frances Willard, Carrie C. Catt and Carry Nation.

Saints or crackpots, America had room for them all. In so vast a country, so polyglot a population there is always a powder keg somewhere, in our own time the grave problem of racism. James Meredith in 1962 walks into the University of Mississippi through a hostile mob. (Can anybody say young Meredith lacks the essential quality of an American, and the essential boldness?) "If Governor Barnett keeps this up," says Meredith, "I may not vote for him." A beautiful understatement, wry, hard as Vermont granite.

I swear [wrote Walt Whitman] I begin to see the meaning of these things.

It is not the earth, it is not America, who is so great,

It is I who am great, or to be great—it is you up there; or any one;

It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, governments, theories,

Through poems, pageants, shows, to form great individuals . . .

The quiet men, the thinkers, writers, philosophers who knew how to express the American spirit—these also proved bold in their time. Emerson, Thoreau, Mark Twain; William James, John Dewey . . . Hemingway, Faulkner, Robert Frost; each name conveys an American era. Consider also the builders, the innovators who altered the face of our cities: Louis Henry Sullivan, father of the skyscraper. We see him as a youth step from an eastern train to the open shed of the Chicago station after the great fire of 1871. He looks toward the city, ruined and in ashes. He raises a hand, stamps his foot among the crowd and cries out loud, "This is the place for me!" We remember, too, the Ruelblings, father and son, engineers for the Brooklyn Bridge. Washington Augustus Roebling, the son, at 35 was carried out unconscious from the caissons beneath the East River, suffering from the bends. He did not recover and suffered constant

pain. Yet for 40 years he directed work from his room overlooking the river, struggling not only against illness but against the corruption of contractors and city politicians who sought to defeat him and the bridge. Roebling saw his work completed, saw the cables swing from tower to tower and fireworks zoom across the sky on the night the bridge was opened.

Since the first American beginnings, bold men have been allowed to build, to invent, to roam the country at will. No passport, no red tape halts them from state to state. Through two world wars the system has held; the Union has held, and the vision. Under it our country has grown so great that we find ourselves embarrassed, apologetic. We stoop our head like a man too tall for a doorway; we talk ourselves down and experience twinges of guilt at our own size and power. We are materialistic, we say further, and look embarrassed. We want to be comfortable, live well—and not only the rich want it and claim it, but everybody. And is that then evil, is that a betrayal of trust, the final American irony? Impossible to believe it! True, we have betrayed the fathers more than once. In fear, in greed or mere human cussedness we betray them every day. But still we know the dream is there, the vision and the opportunity. We would fight for it, die for it.

And what a springboard to rise from, this notion of government by consent of the governed! It is like a trampoline. Jump! and you are in the air. A distinguished American physicist, director of a radiation laboratory in California, lately expressed it in his own way, succinctly, as becomes a scientist. "There are very few things in this country that really can't be figured out," said Dr. John Stuart Foster Jr. "You can excel. You just can."

America's role is global, now. The United States has won to a sophistication the world finds surprising; we are a little surprised by it ourselves. Not Paris, not London or Rome or Berlin or Madrid is today the center of the world's art and music—but New York. When astronauts compete they compete not with Californians or Nevadans but with the world. The great steel companies look over their shoulders not to see if Pittsburgh or Bethlehem is overtaking them but if Japan or Germany is catching

up. Thirteen states have become 50. At each new domestic crisis we ask ourselves in momentary panic if among these diverse sovereign interests our Union can hold, and if our constitutional democracy is equal to such a strain. Yet we know that it is equal and will hold.

America's role is global. Yet we have not lost our good provinciality, the qualities which make our strength and which define the genius of our independence. The bold men still go their way. Europe knows it. Even while expressing contempt (or is it envy?) of our material welfare, from time to time Europe perforce acknowledges the American quality. In 1958-60 the United States sent an exhibition of paintings to Europe. "The New American Painting," the show was called; it went to eight countries. Comments ranged from Berlin to Barcelona to London. And the critics might have been writing not of painting but of skyscrapers or of Charles Lindbergh or Henry Ford the first or the launching of space rockets. "Americans are world travelers and conquerors. They possess an enormous daring. . . . The quality of adventure is here, a pioneering sense of independence and vitality. . . . The exhibition offers that climate of unconstraint which never fails to strike anyone traveling to the United States for the first time. . . . These," said a final critic, "are other myths, other gods, other ideas, different from those prevailing in Europe. . . ."

Long ago, Americans found these gods, these myths and made them their own. Surely it is these myths and these gods which still propel us, still inspire and send us on our journeys? Commander Schirra in his space capsule; Scott Carpenter, the onetime hot rodder, problem boy from Colorado who was given his American chance and grew to heroism—these are bold men indeed. Yet without the "climate of unconstraint" that Europe speaks of, they might never have found their opportunity. Two hundred years ago this climate was deliberately created and confirmed by men brave enough to launch a revolutionary government, men wise enough to create a Constitution expedient, workable, elastic—a government under which the bold American still finds scope.

END

HEIRS TO THE GREAT TRADITION

of venture are the innumerable citizens who attempt to master the sports of hazard. Some are athletes, some may be "soft Americans" (physically), but all of them are non-conformists who give dramatic expression to the zest for living that flows down from our history

Salesman William McBeth rides a wave off the Jersey coast. "Every wave is different," he says, summing up the credo of the adventurers





Eleanor Vadala, a Philadelphia chemist, began ballooning when some friends asked her to come along for a ride. This fall she soloed (above). After an hour and 20 minutes in the air she landed expertly in Haverford, Pa.

Colorado Insurance Agent Edmund Pacheco has been scaling such dizzy escarpments as the headwall of Longs Peak (right) for nearly 30 years. He says he can't remember anything unusual ever happening on a climb







When he isn't working at Bendix as a designer, Robert B. Court (left, at 2,000 feet in a 1-26 sailplane) is an imperturbable glider pilot. He began soaring three years ago, now sails the air almost every weekend of good weather at Elmira, N.Y.

With veteran canoeist Bob Harrigan guiding the plunging craft, bowman Tony Oldham gets a rugged baptism during his first white-water run—which, despite appearances, was successful—through the Little Falls of the Potomac River





Lindsey Parsons, a Trenton, N.J. stockbroker, began acrobatic flying three years ago. In the world championships in Budapest last July he placed fifth among pilots of nine countries



An engineer with the TVA, Leonard Munson, 47, has been exploring caves as a hobby for a decade. At left, he appears in his favorite locale, the depths of Cumberland Caverns





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George McCulloch, 57, Commissioner of Urban Improvement for Syracuse (see cover), improves his morale by sky-diving: "A great relief from the pressures of my job," he said happily, before plummeting out of the door

THE CHALLENGE AND RISK IN BEING A CHAMPION

Though adventuring hobbyists are a wonderful part of the nationwide participation in sport, it is the champions, like Hydroplane Racer Bill Muncey (shown right) and Cathy Nagel (see cover), youngest skier ever to win a national title, who provide the flamboyant climaxes. As their reward, the champions receive applause or money. Yet they risk not only injury but also the possibility of becoming, very publicly, bumbling — and thoroughly booed — losers.

His strained features masked by goggles, Bill Muncey typifies a champion's ceaseless search for victory. In past three years, he has won 13 (out of 18) unlimited class races

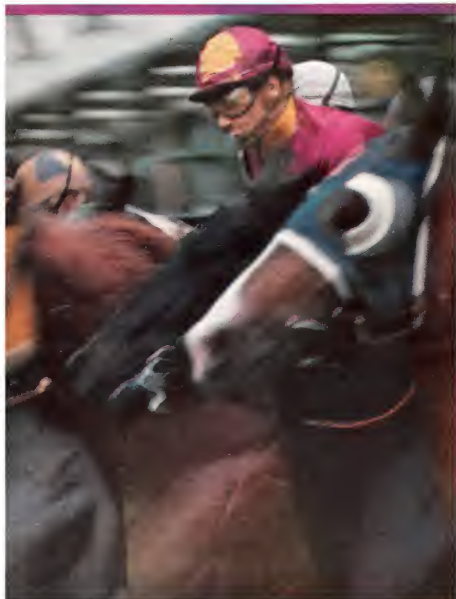
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN



Head up and eyes on the track ahead, Jockey Bill Hartack bursts out of the starting



gate at Del Mar with the controlled daring that has become his racing trademark





Thomas B. Miller

WAS THERE A GUN?

When a U-boat sank the 'Lusitania' in 1915 the Allies denounced Germany for the murder of an unarmed vessel. But the question still persists: Was she truly defenseless? An American explorer, John Light, has tried to find out. Recently Kenneth MacLish, son of Post-Playwright Archibald MacLish and an accomplished scuba diver, went down to search the wreck with Light. Here is his report

At one o'clock the cliff-rimmed coast of Ireland lay 11 miles away to the north. The beamy fishing boat sloshed through westerling swells toward her invisible destination and the captain steadied her, watching the flicking indicators of his new electronic navigator.

"We're about onto her now, Mr. Light."

The 29-year-old American squinted angrily at the empty sea ahead, searching. It was John Light's third season on this stretch of ocean. He had come here first on July 20, 1960 as a free-lance movie cameraman to film a crusted hulk that lay on the bottom 300 feet below. In his 11 previous years of diving—with the U.S. Navy, as a civilian salvage diver, and since 1956 as a cameraman—he had been down that far several times before. But never in such desperately difficult waters, and the tough-minded Light had learned to expect no good of them. The name plate above him on the wheelhouse of the boat he was riding on this day could have been a title for a tableau: *Revolution*.

"The huys are gone, Dan—

again. Seventy-five-knot wind, what can you expect?" said Light to the man at the wheel. "Let's go ahead and find her with the fathometer and we'll drop another one."

In the cabin faces turned to the depth recorder, whose rhythmic echo etched the hidden profile of the sea floor. For many minutes it had read 50 fathoms and a bit over. Now, in an instant, it shot straight up to 40 fathoms, sketched an irregular surface and dropped back to 50 as we passed on.

"That's her," said the helmsman. "That's the *Lusitania*."

Light nodded. "Pretty narrow. Must be the bow. Cut back across her a couple of times and we'll drop our buoy on the highest point we can find."

The outline of the dead ship below loomed up, vanished, loomed again, a remote reflection of a disaster that outraged nations 47 years ago when a torpedo put her where she now lay. In Light's mind the cryptic trace evoked a picture pieced together through 38 dives and three years. In this time, the exploration of the rusting ruin had changed for Light from a normally

exciting deep-water film project to a personal crusade, almost an obsession. At the center of the search was an object, once dimly glimpsed, that could change a page of history. It had looked like a ship's gun.

"Man, she's deep," Light muttered. "Well, let's try it this time. Drop!"

The long cable clattered across the gunwale as the buoy splashed overboard.

"Let's go down," said Light.

We skinned into our clinging, clammy rubber suits, cursing.

The second diver was quiet. A mild, unshakable man with the sad sensitive face of a great clown, Palmer Williams had learned all his deep diving on this toughest of diving jobs. Before he met John Light in 1960 Williams had been a hotel manager in St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Diving had been a casual hobby for him in the island waters, where his deepest descent had been perhaps 90 feet. But Light, on another diving assignment in St. Thomas, infected Williams with the fever to explore the *Lusitania*. Now, in 1962, Williams was a veteran of 25 dives into the deep, rolling

continued

This pointing shows John Light, 45 fathoms down, examining hole in ship that may hold dislodged gun mount.

LUSITANIA continued

Atlantic, where the shallowest descent a man could make was 240 feet—60 feet deeper than the standard limit set for Navy underwater experts. He dressed quickly, hut without haste, and cut a sympathetic sideways glance at the visitor.

"You O.K.?"

"Fine," said the visitor, trying to smile down the butterflies.

Crewmen helped hoist on our 100-pound air packs. As quickly as possible we dropped over the side into the welcome support of the sea, where our cumbersome gear was weightless. The schedule was set: 10 minutes on the wreck at an assumed depth of 270 feet—minus the time it would take us to swim down the buoy line—then hack up the line with specified pauses at 40, 30, 20 and 10 feet to let compressed gases out of our bodies before returning to the low-pressure world in which man is designed to dwell. We peered at each other, traded "O.K." signs and headed straight down.

It is a somber sea, clear and dark as obsidian. The last gentle blue vanishes as the surging underside of the surface flickers out of sight above. The anchor cable rasps through one gloved hand as we hurry on our vertical and inverted way. It gives a measure of motion; without it we could not sense our rate of descent: 100 feet, twilight and deep chill; 150, a turbid zone where light and temperature drop sharply; 200, clear again and bitter cold, with the faint sourceless illumination of starlit midnight; 250, the air is thick in the throat and flows like a light icy liquid into the lungs. Lips tingle with narcosis, and thoughts blur. The eyes need a point of focus to steady the senses, but there is no fixed form anywhere. Watch and depth gauge help. Bright and solid, they are points of reality in this imprecise void. With a little effort both of them can be read: one and a half minutes since starting down; 260 feet.

All at once there is a lightening

below. Meaningless forms appear, less black than black. We leave the line and glide down to the solid substance and take hold of it. The visibility is good, perhaps 40 feet, but the light is so ephemeral that, ghostlike in a place of ghosts, we cast no shadow. Where are we? Deep between walls that tower high above us. But, of course, they are not walls but decks, for the ship lies on her starboard side. We are inside her smashed superstructure. There are remnants of wood flooring attached to a vertical surface near by. There is a warped railing. There are other shapes, disoriented details of an unseen entirety.

We weigh nearly nothing, and here, at slack tide, no current stirs the few strands of growth that stand like down upon the rusting steel. We can balance motionless on a fingertip or, with the flick of a fin, move as effortlessly in any direction as can the three huge fish that hover at the edge of sight, watching us.

Four minutes gone, 275 feet: we drop toward tangled wreckage below, down another 15 feet, but there is nothing intelligible there. Best to soar up out of the chasm and see what lies above. There the broad expanse of the hull stretches away, smooth and undamaged save for a row of half-sheared rivets. Port-holes pass in orderly sequence. A pair of windows appear, brassbound and rectangular, one fringed with broken glass, the other whole. A swipe of the hand sends sea slush swirling and leaves the glass clean and dark black, backed with utter darkness. A stateroom? They had such windows. Whose? Was someone watching just there beyond the glass when these drowned windows last looked to the light?

In the early afternoon of May 7, 1915 they would have given directly upon the *Lusitania's* first landfall, not a dozen miles away: the tall cliffs and bright pastures of Ireland, and the glossy towers of the Kinsale and Galley Head lighthouses gleaming in the soft sun of a fine spring day.



Sinking of Cunard vessel with 188

Indeed, so fine a day was the 7th of May that Murphy, the keeper of the Kinsale Light, had decided to whitewash his dwelling. Now he was hard at work. It was 1:30 p.m.

On Galley Head 12 miles to the west, keeper Duffy was watching the *Lusitania* as she headed toward the Old Head of Kinsale.

On the submarine U-20, Kapitänleutnant Walther Schwieger was watching, too. Moments before he had taken bearings on the two light-houses preparatory to heading home to Emden. Now he was running at periscope depth to intercept. Schwieger had had good hunting: three ships in the past 48 hours. He had three torpedoes left. Perhaps if the big liner turned starboard. . . .

On the *Lusitania*, Captain William Turner was peering through his binoculars. He had to run in

outboard. There was one boat drill.

Whether or not Turner knew that 23 ships had been sunk in the war zone since he left New York no one can say. Certainly he was aware of submarine activity ahead. And he was aware of the Admiralty rules for passing through the danger area; make landfalls at night, if possible; stay well clear of headlands, travel at full speed and zigzag. Yet Captain Turner made his landfall at midday, steamed directly toward the dominant headland of the coast, reduced speed sharply and made no precautionary course changes. Having picked up the Kinsale Light and thus fixed his position for all practical purposes, he ordered that the ship be turned to run parallel with the coast so that an even more precise fix could be obtained by noting the moment at which the light would come abeam.

"Lusitania" on the bottom

Lying on her starboard side, the Lusitania shows the scars of her ordeal. Jagged tear beneath first and second stacks occurred just as—or just after—torpedo struck opposite side of ship. Even break beneath third stack is structural crack, suffered after

Says Bestie: "It never came abeam."

With the *Lusitania* committed to an unwavering speed and heading, Schwieger was presented with a submariner's dream come true. He computed his shot and fired "a clean bow shot from 700 meters. . . . Torpedo hits starboard side right behind bridge. . . . An unusually great detonation followed. . . . A second explosion must have taken place. . . ."

Bestie stepped out of his cabin to hear a woman saying, "That isn't a torpedo, is it?" He saw the foaming wake and gripped the rail. Planks, boats, suit and water burst upward and the ship shook with the explosion. And he thought, "How undignified would the lovely *Lusitania* appear limping into port. The order for boat stations seemed premature. Might put the wind up the passengers." He hurried to his station on the port side, but so swiftly

did the huge vessel list to starboard that he was able to get no more than one boat away.

From Galley Head, keeper Duffy heard five explosions. He made nothing of this fact, but it was to become a crucial one in later investigations, suggesting as it did that the disastrous consequences of the torpedoing were caused by a heavy cargo of contraband explosives. Then, as he watched, smoke and steam burst up from the liner's stacks. He telegraphed Dublin: "SEE LUSITANIA SOUTHEAST SEVEN MILES ATTACKED BY SUBMARINE LYING ON BEAM ENDS."

On the Old Head of Kinsale, Murphy, too, heard several explosions and "looked west and saw a large steamer apparently all right." He went on whitewashing.

On the *Lusitania* the Marconi operator repeated his message: "Come at once. Big list. Ten miles south of Old Head of Kinsale."



There was yammering panic and frozen terror and occasional cold courage. Men forced their way ahead of women and children and were driven back with guns and axes. Vanderbilt gave his life vest to a hysterical woman and stood by, hatless, casual. He could not swim. Others refused to scramble for places in the boats and waited quietly for the water to take them.

The starboard boats were lowered so frantically that one end often dropped below the other, dumping the passengers into the sea. And during these precious last minutes the 32,000-ton vessel rushed onward so that even properly launched boats often swamped as they struck the water.

Schwieger, still watching, wrote: "Great confusion. . . . They must have lost their heads." And then, a few moments later, "Submerge and go to sea."

Eighteen minutes after taking a

single torpedo the "unsinkable" *Lusitania* sank. Many went down with the ship, many more splashed hopelessly in the calm, cold sea, holding onto anything that floated—including corpses. One lady sat sedately in a wicker chair, undisturbed and unconscious. A few lifeboats circled, picking up swimmers. Others went away before they were even half full.

Duffy wired an Irish epitaph: *LUSITANIA AFTER SINKING TWO THIRTY P.M.*

Murphy looked seaward at the same moment to check on the steamer headed his way but "could see no trace of her, only smoke and a few ship's boats."

Rescue vessels were a long time coming, particularly since Rear Admiral Hood at Queenstown delayed his warships, fearful that they might be sunk. At dusk all the boats that had come out were gone again, and there was nothing left alive in the

darkening sea: 1,198 people had died; 124 were Americans.

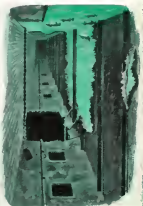
Not since the sinking of the *Maine* had any single incident so startled the U.S. The press raged. Teddy Roosevelt spoke of piracy and murder. William Howard Taft thought the affair most distressing. President Wilson remained secluded. Billy Sunday cried.

The Kaiser was not at all pleased. He suggested to U.S. Ambassador Gerard that "England was really responsible as England made the *Lusitania* go slowly so Germany could torpedo her and so bring on trouble."

The hearings that followed, held in the heat of war spirit generated by the event itself, were perhaps less than objective. Cunard was exonerated. So was Turner. But Turner himself never quite forgave the British Navy. In a talk with Bestic shortly before his death the old man acknowledged that he had expected

continued

Lusitania sank. Superstructure, not seriously damaged when U-boat struck, has been ripped apart—apparently by subsequent demolitions.



Rectangular opening between second and third decks (circle left) is at suspected gun location. Enlargement above shows chain leading from this opening across vertically tilted deck and down into hole torn in sidewall of cabins used as children's nursery. At right, three cables, drawn taut and cutting into rusting bulkhead, also lead into the hole.

an escort, and that the lack of any naval vessels in the area had given him false confidence. The Admiralty, he felt, had shirked its duty.

On this point, Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, made himself heard. "Resources do not permit us to provide destroyer escorts," he announced.

Questioning revealed that twice in previous months escorts had been provided for ships carrying American horses.

America demanded that Germany disavow the sinking. Germany offered regrets but no apology. The vessel, she said, was surely armed. She was a naval auxiliary, built to carry guns. Thus she was a man-of-war under international law and subject to attack without warning. She was also carrying contraband munitions.

Wilson replied that the issue of contraband was irrelevant, that the attack violated the rights of man because the ship was *not* armed. The point was vital, since the German case rested on it. No one could deny that the *Lusitania* was designed to double as an armed cruiser. But Robert Lansing, soon to be Secretary of State, said: "The absolute fact is that [she] had no guns, mounted or unmounted." D. F. Malone, Collector of the Port of New York, so swore in court, as did Captain Turner. The British Admiralty and Cunard attested repeatedly to the ship's defenselessness, denying that any of the guns she could have carried were in place; 109 survivors testified in support of this point.

In New York, however, four witnesses came forward to deny it. The chief of these, a German national

named Gustav Stahl, described in detail four hidden guns that he had seen aboard while visiting a friend before the last sailing. Stahl was believed to have been produced by German agents and his testimony was suspect. He was indicted for perjury by a federal grand jury in New York. On September 8 he pleaded guilty and was sent to prison,



MacLennan explores superstructure of the Lusitania; moments later, he suffered a nearly fatal attack of the bends.

where he remained for 18 months.

The issue raised by the *Lusitania's* sinking was never resolved. To accept America's demand that no unresisting vessels be sunk except after challenge and search would have reduced Germany's undersea potential to nothing, since most British merchantmen were armed, and all (including the *Lusitania*) had secret orders to ram any sub that challenged them. Yet America would not tolerate torpedoing without warning. Not until two years after the sinking of the *Lusitania* did the

U.S. enter the war against Germany. But as of that moment the possibility of war became a probability.

If the sinking was not a direct cause of war, it served at least to create a climate in which the decision for war could be made.

For 20 years the *Lusitania* lay beyond the reach of man, as quiet as the tomb she was. In 1935 a team interested in proving the merits of a new, pressure-proof diving suit found her hidden resting place and put a diver on her. He observed that he was standing on her horizontal side and was then retrieved. The expedition departed, its mission accomplished.

The following year, according to dockside gossip in Cobh and Kinsale, an Italian salvage firm had made a try at the *Lusitania* and was driven away by a British naval vessel. The firm, Sorima, says it was never there, it had considered the job but thought it much too dangerous.

For another decade the whisperings along the wharves were still. Then came word that a British ship had depth-charged the hulk.

There were also faint echoes of American expeditions mounted during these years to remove a rumored treasure from the ship, but if they ever appeared the shore watchers did not observe them.

In 1950, however, the informal intelligence system of the coastal community was full of sound and stories about a British salvage firm that was reputedly hard at work on the wreck, setting off charges placed by a crane at the surface according to the directions of a diver suspended in a pressure-proof chamber. It was agreed that the salvors took nothing

continued

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off the wreck and, in any case, the firm still refuses even to discuss it. Questions about their rumored undersea activities brought this answer: "You just cannot get any further with it. You're just wasting your time."

When John Light came to them later to seek advice about the *Lusitania*, he was told to mind his own business. Light, a stubborn, freckle-faced Yankee from Boston, reacted to this British rebuff by making the ship very much his business. In the course of his inquiry, he found a crewman who claims to have been aboard one of the British company's ships when—as he tells it—she returned briefly to the wreck in '54 to put down a diver, set off a charge and leave after a general admonition to the crew to forget they had ever been there.

Light, going down with wet suit, flippers and air tanks, was the first free-moving diver to reach the contentious carcass of the murdered ship. He had come partly because the depth was challenging and the name evoked memories, and, of course, to make his movies of the famous *Lusitania*. But before he could find money and men to do the job he had to prove that the job could be done, for there was reason to doubt it.

Light provided proof on July 20, 1960, going alone to 245 feet, operating a camera, keeping track of his time on the bottom, despite heavy narcosis brought on by the pressure at that depth of nine atmospheres and returning safely after prescribed decompression delays on the way up.

A few weeks later Light had two good men, a little money and a bare minimum of equipment. He began work at once, and at once encountered the fearful frustration of open-sea diving on a deep target. Because of the strong tide, dives could be made only at slack high or low water when the current was briefly still; bottom time was limited to 10 minutes; high seas made diving

impossible four days out of five.

And there was the problem of buoys. To explore the enormous expanses of the hull the divers needed lines from surface floats to known points on the wreck. They tried manila lines with heavy anchors; the tide carried them away. Then they swam down the lines and tied them in at the bottom; the lines frayed and parted. They attached iron chain at the bottom to prevent chafing; fishermen broke the lines loose and stole them during the night. Steel cable was the only solution, and cable had to be shackled to the ship. Shackling is a simple procedure at one atmosphere's pressure; at 10 it requires formidable concentration. The first diver to swim down a well-placed cable "just didn't think to attach it."

With the season half gone they learned to do it. They also acquired from Cunard a set of deck plans ("Somebody made a mistake giving them to us," says Light), showing where guns were to be placed, if and when desired. They also got a transcript of the testimony of the German Stahl. Light noted that the positions described by the convicted perjurer jibed with certain of those on the published plans. He selected one for special search. It was just outboard of the children's nursery.

The divers placed a buoy near the spot and went for a look. There was no gun in sight. But as Light surveyed the scene with a trained salvage-diver's eye he found himself actually shaping the words, "Someone has been here before." In places the metal had been cut and he saw evidence of recent tilting.

Rare luck with tides and weather permitted a return to the same spot the following day, this time with little narcosis. ("You get a sort of tolerance," Light says, "if you hit depths like that in quick succession.") The position checked out exactly. And in the side of the superstructure, directly below the hypothetical gun emplacement on the vertically tilted deck, was a hole some eight feet across, black and bottomless. It seemed to Light "as

if some heavy object had dropped straight down after the ship had settled on her side. Maybe long after. The superstructure is made of light materials, and it looked as if something had just torn on through. And there were three steel cables leading into the hole that had been drawn so tight that they had sliced right into the surrounding metal. Maybe they were attached to whatever had fallen through. Maybe somebody was trying to hoist that thing away, and it broke loose."

The place to look was at the bottom of the hole, but time was up. Surely the next dive would show what was there. Tomorrow or the next day Light would know.

But the shadow force that seemed bent on drawing a shroud around the *Lusitania* intervened. More than a year passed before Light saw the mysterious hole again. Between this dive and the next, seven days later, a strange craft was seen to heave to over the wreck. She was there only a short time.

"When she left," says Light, "I didn't have any buoys." It was reported to him that she belonged to the same salvors whose past involvement with the wreck was (and is) so hotly affirmed and so coldly denied.

Light was puzzled and angry. "Why would anyone care what a bunch of free divers were doing? We couldn't take anything away. We could only look. Maybe there was something we weren't supposed to see. I'd been studying the record of the old court proceedings, so I knew that some people at that time had thought the *Lusitania's* sinking was kind of peculiar—particularly the ship's behavior, which made things so easy for Schieweger, and the speed with which she sank. I knew the question of guns and munitions on board had come up. Guns would have made her fair game, and heavy munitions could have made her a floating bomb."

"A lot of pretty important people had insisted she carried no guns: the President of the U.S., the Secretary of State, the Collector of the Port of New York, the Cunard

continued

bosses and the Admiralty brass. Gustav Stahl went to Atlantapenitentiary for saying she did. Even at this late date it might be embarrassing if evidence turned up to show that these important people were wrong—or were lying."

Somebody seemed to think so, anyway.

The divers put out new buoys and went on exploring. They found a huge split in the hull opposite the point where the torpedo struck whose everted edges suggested an internal explosion greater than any torpedo could cause. They came across a cargo door lying on the side of the hull some distance from its doorway and obviously detached after the ship had settled into its reclining position. Cables and chains were found that did not appear to be part of the wreck.

Big lights were lowered to make pictures possible, and surely none have been made under more difficult conditions. The first light down was bitten off by a passing fish. The next hypnotized a depth-drunk diver, who had to be pulled bodily away from what would have been a fatal fixation. Another man was so dazzled that he surfaced with no memory of the dive he had made—and never made another. Exhaustion and pressure changes took their toll, too: the strongest diver of the crew once had to be hauled forcibly to the surface, and Light injured his sinuses so severely that he had to leave off diving. And so the 1960 season ended.

Back again in 1961 with more men and better gear, Light managed to set three cables in the first three dives, and on the fourth to reset one near the suspected gun emplacement. On the fifth he and a companion—an American Naval officer on leave—dived down through the hole, emerging over the littered bottom under the dark overhang of the superstructure. The other man suddenly tugged at Light's fin and pointed. Below, perhaps 20 feet away, was a long, tapered object

slanting downward out of a mass of debris. And the time was up.

The two left promptly and discussed their discovery on the surface. Light wasn't sure; it could have been a gun, or a spar, or a pipe. The Naval officer, who had been closer, was quite certain of what he had seen. "I saw what I felt was a gun barrel and questionably a gun emplacement or turret near by: a semispherical piece of metal, riveted. I saw the gun just as it was time to come up, but I did take a quick second look." The officer then drew from memory a gun barrel and what could have been its shielding. But impressions were not proof. The next day they would bring a camera and lights. Then there would be no doubt.

The buoy over the spot sank that night. Other dives were made, but in the whole '61 season no diver got back to the long slender object.

So Light came back to Ireland a third time. In two months the wild sea allowed him only six dives. A ship struck and sank his best-placed buoy. A hurricane tore away the last of them. The boat contract ended and there was no more money to renew it.

And on the last dive of the season, the visiting diver, who had been peering curiously at the submerged stateroom window, got the bends. The dive itself had gone well, but the visitor, misunderstanding a signal, waited two minutes too long at the bottom of the ascending line for a man who had already gone up. The three divers followed the normal decompression routine, bouncing for many miserable minutes on the line below the wave-tossed buoy. Then all three climbed unaided into the boat, where the visitor began stripping off his gear, cheerful and excited. Two minutes later he stretched out on the deck for a moment's rest. Suddenly he clapped a hand over his left eye and peered at Light with the other. "You're vanishing, from the bottom up. Now you've gone. So has my eye. . . ."

He sat up quickly and promptly pitched over to the left. "And so has my balance. God! My brain's come loose."

"O.K.," said Light grimly, "let's get the chamber ready. Fast. Go ahead and get him in there and wrap him up in blankets. Palmer, you're going to have to ride with him in the chamber."

Two men helped the collapsed diver into the recompression chamber, a steel cylinder the size of a hoghead in which a man can be kept under pressure until the bubbles formed in his body by a too-sudden return from great depths can be reduced and dispersed.

Light crouched at the chamber door, studying the Navy diving manual to determine which decompression schedule his patient's symptoms seemed to suggest. "Visual disturbance . . ." he mumbled, "vertigo, . . . shock sometimes followed by convulsions and . . . yeah. How's his eye?"

Williams shone a powerful light into it, covering the other with his hand. "Is it on?" the diver asked. Light slammed the door and dogged it down. The strident rush of air began. Williams nudged his half-conscious chambermate. "Stay with us, boy, you've got to clear your ears or they'll pop."

"That's all I need," said the injured man dimly. "Hey, my eye is back. Son of a gun! But I can't sit up, and if you move me I'll get sick." The shrill flow of air had ended. The depth gauge read 165 feet. In the dense atmosphere both men's voices sounded ludicrously high and girlish. The telephone rang; Light's worried eyes appeared at the chamber's porthole. Williams took up the phone to answer him.

"No, pretty weak. He can see, though. Looks like he'll live. What? Two days! . . . Now you tell me. . . . Oh, 20 hours if he doesn't go sour. . . . Even if he dies, huh? Or I get the bends myself?" He poked his motionless companion. "Man, are you dead?"

"Yes, I am. Mind what you say about me."

The sick man slept fitfully and at one point woke to announce in severe tones that some idiot had fallen off the goddam raft. During the night he managed to sit up and test his reactions as pressure was reduced. The vertigo grew less severe, but it would have to vanish completely by the 20th hour or a new treatment, this one of 40 hours, would be begun.

On the next quarter-hourly ventilation of the chamber a flood of oily air poured in and Williams grabbed for the phone. "If that air's the best you've got we'll take it," he said reasonably, "but we felt you should know you're poisoning us."

"Damn it," said Light, "I fixed that compressor just the other day. Don't worry, I'll switch you back to the other one. Hope it holds out."

As early as the fifth hour the patient had been able to nod his head without tipping over. Then as the night passed the other symptoms subsided. Finally, after 19½ hours the two divers crawled out into the earth's own atmosphere. Williams would not be allowed to dive for several days, the visitor for several weeks.

A full gale howled over the headlands and the wet trees writhed. In the inlet below the windows of the Rathmore House, where the divers were resting the day after the near-fatal descent, foam streaked the dark sea. Scud hit the hilltops.

Light watched the water and his fists bulged his pockets.

"Season's finished. So are we, for now. Right where we were last year. The payoff may be only two good dives away. I think the Navy officer will swear that he saw the gun. But we have to get a picture first. Then we can draw up the affidavits. That means we'll have to come back next year. We're too close to the end to quit. We're just too close." END

Beneath the Kinsale Lighthouse, John Light plans future dives on Lusitania



Before the marble walls of a Persian palace, soldiers stood stiff-backed and motionless. Near by, a dozen grooms, resplendent in gray and gold, fussed nervously with their mounts. The horses, eager to be off, pawed the earth and snorted at each other. In the warmth of the morning sun I waited outside the imperial stables at the end of a mile-long drive lined with poplars. Suddenly in the distance there was the sound of horns, and the massive silver grille of a limousine loomed into sight, followed by a caravan of tooting cars. Wearing riding clothes, His Imperial

A LADY HUNTS WITH THE SHAH

The modern king of ancient Persia recaptures for an American visitor the adventure and elegance of sport in one of the world's oldest civilizations

Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi, Shah of Iran, stepped nimbly from his peacock-blue Rolls-Royce and greeted me with a warm hello.

Two days before, excited and a little nervous, I had visited the Shah's summer residence at Shemiran outside Teheran. Seated on a sofa of intricate petit point in a gymnasium-size room furnished in marble, mahogany and crystal, carpeted in a ransom of Persian rugs and hung with a museum collection of paintings, I wondered what the man who lived here would be like.

From pictures I knew that his hair had become grayer and his face stern in the 13 years since I had glimpsed him riding,

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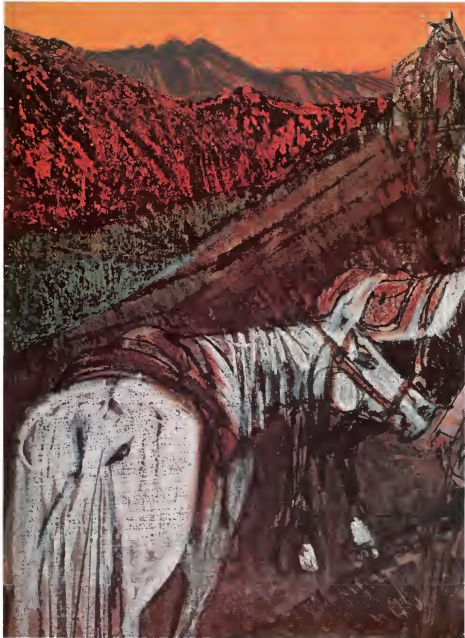
BY VIRGINIA KRAFT

PAINTINGS BY BOB PEAK





In the courtyard of the marble palace at Tarabehat, surrounded by prancing stallions and mostly uniformed guards, the Shah of Iran chats with author at the beginning of an imperial big game hunt.



PERSIAN HUNT *continued*

smiling and cheerful, down Park Avenue on a state visit. I knew he had been playing a forceful and enlightened role in running his government and that somehow he still found time to play good tennis, ski, drive his cars fast and his planes (to the chagrin of his advisers) even faster. I knew, too, that he is an expert horseman and an equally competent shot. His interest in hunting and the outdoors, in fact, was my reason for being in Iran.

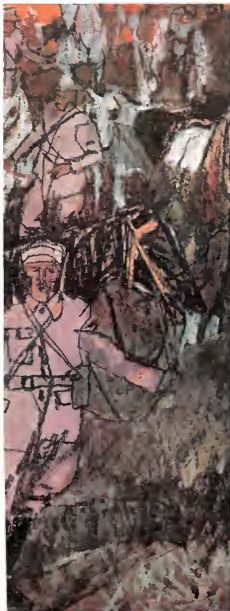
After a stiffly formal correspond-



The long ride between our hotel and the first shoot (left) as the hunters and game warden begin to stalk a herd of mountain sheep sighted on a far hill.

ence with the imperial court, I had been granted permission to hunt with His Majesty and was now about to be presented officially to him. This was anything but a casual affair. A harried court secretary (who was evidently more nervous than I about the audience) left at least a dozen messages at my hotel covering everything from duplicate reminders of the exact time I was to be at the palace to detailed instructions on the length of the sleeve (not short),

continued





PERSIAN HUNT *continued*

color (not black) and type (not décolleté) of dress I was to wear. Three times he reminded me to wear gloves and a hat.

At the locked and heavily guarded gates of the palace I had been stopped by eight fierce-looking young men with shaved heads and high-collared military uniforms who, in one motion, raised their bayonets and stepped menacingly toward me.

The guards remained on alert un-

til the secretary rushed up some 10 minutes later, apologized effusively for being late and ordered the guards to stand at ease. After making the necessary phone calls to unlock the gates, he escorted me to the palace up a drive lined with lanterns and paved with perfectly matched gray-green stones. All along the way, guards clicked their heels and presented arms as we passed.

Inside the palace we were greeted by more guards and more heel-

continued

Holding an elaborately engraved and inlaid rifle, the Shah of Iran looks out across the rugged and game-filled mountains of the imperial hunting grounds near Teheran, while the author (right) studies a herd of sheep through her telescopic sight.



clicking as we were led toward the great room where the Master of the Hunt was to give a pre-audience briefing. His Excellency, Atabai, who is also Master of the Horse and Director of Palaces (there are four large and more than a dozen small ones besides the one we were in), explained through an interpreter that His Majesty would see me in an hour.

I was then questioned again about my background and given further last-minute instructions on protocol. The formality and stiffness of the interview was heightened by the language barrier, and when tea was served I realized regretfully that I didn't dare drink it because I had no idea whether I was supposed to take my gloves off. By the time an attendant announced that His Impe-

rial Majesty was ready, my knees were shaking.

For the first time since I had stepped from the cab at the palace gates, the guards, soldiers and servants mysteriously vanished, and I found myself entering the imperial reception room alone. Before I realized what had happened, a gray-haired man in a double-breasted suit was striding toward me with the long, smooth steps of an athlete, his hand outstretched and a broad smile on his surprisingly young face. Fixing his warm brown eyes directly on mine, the Shah of Iran said in a soft, low voice, "I have been waiting a long time for your visit."

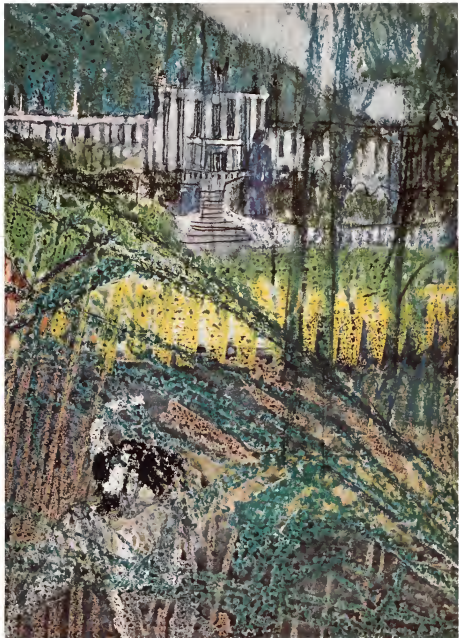
From this first meeting with the Shah, the tension and stiffness of the palace and the imperial court were gone. He was as relaxing as an

continued



In remote and majestic splendor, the Imperial Hotel in Haman stands shimmering in the morning mist, forming a dazzling background for dogs and hunters on a pheasant shoot in the wet, green jungles that mark the edge of the Caspian Sea.







old friend, chatting comfortably on a variety of subjects from cigarette smoking to current economic problems. When tea was served I never gave a thought to the gloves resting in my lap. Throughout all our conversations, whether sitting casually around a coffee table, riding side by side on horseback or stalking up a hill after game, he was far more relaxed than his entourage.

This entourage, incidentally, might well have qualified as an army on sheer number. Except for driven shoots (like hunting, shoots involve guns and game but entirely different techniques), I had never before hunted en masse and I found it an unnerving experience. In addition to the actual hunters, consisting in our case principally of His Majesty and me, there were the Master of the Hunt; the Master's son, Lieut. Kambiz Atabai, who interpreted for his father; the imperial gamekeeper, who functioned as the No. 1 scout; an assistant gamekeeper; a photographer; an artist; two members of the imperial guard, who carried excess gear, easels, tripods and lenses; and, finally, one imperial horseman for each person of the entire party, making a grand total of 20 people. The party did not end with people, however, because each of us had a horse.

A word about the horses: they were stallions! This significant fact explained the extra 10 men in the party. Whenever one of us leaped (or, as in my case, was thrown) from his stallion, the imperial horseman specifically assigned to that person galloped up to hold the horse by its reins. This usually discouraged the riderless stallion from doing one of several things: biting a hunter or biting another horse and

thereby creating another riderless stallion; kicking a hunter or kicking another horse, again creating another riderless stallion; or, most cataclysmic of all, galloping wildly back to the imperial stable both pursued, as likely as not, by the rest of the horses, most of which could count on being riderless by the time they reached the barns.

The flashier sides of their personalities aside, the Shah's horses were fundamentally the best schooled and the most responsive I have ever ridden. The rough, mountainous terrain in which they are used for hunting demands unusual sure-footedness combined with tremendous stamina to withstand 12- and 14-hour days of almost continuous riding, some of it at sustained gallops. Few horses could stand up to the test, but for two weeks I rode the same stallion, aptly named Bombast, and he was as full of high spirits on the last day as on the first. As good as the horses were, however, 20 people on 20 stallions are still a crowd and most of the game in the vicinity agreed.

The technique of Persian group hunting is to follow a quarter of a mile or so behind the imperial scouts, sometimes in a long single column, occasionally, where the terrain permits, in small social hunches. The imperial scouts, with the sixth sense and 20X vision that local trackers the world over seem to have, scan the surrounding peaks and ridges as they move along. As soon as one of them decides that that tiny black speck on the horizon is not a sunspot but a mouflon (the mountain sheep that abound in the imperial hunting areas outside Teheran at Farahabad, Jajerood, Sor-khehesar and Sanjarian), he holds

up his hand for the procession to stop while an approach to the game is figured out.

There are several ways to make the approach. The Shah's favorite is to gallop straight to the game, chasing after it at breakneck speed through the mountains unmindful of rocks, ravines, cliffs and gulleys until he is within rifle range, and then either to leap from his horse to fire or, if there isn't time, to fire from the saddle. The leaping is interesting because instead of dismounting in the conventional fashion, he throws his left leg forward and over the horse's neck so that he slides to the ground already in shooting position. The amazing fact is that he usually hits his target.

The game can also be approached, if wind and geography are right, by plotting a stalk within shooting range. This, of course, is a common and dependable approach in the U.S. But few American hunters take along 19 other people and 20 stallions. Between the jangle of bridles, stirrups, rifles, lenses, tripods, thermoses and myriad other metal objects and the clomp, clomp, clomp of the horses' hooves picking their way among the boulders, we sounded like a convention of junk dealers on parade.

And yet we managed, on occasion, to get within shooting range of a herd of sheep using such a cacophonous approach. This can only be attributed to a combination of exceptional good fortune, unsophisticated game (the area is hunted only by the Shah and his guests, and then infrequently), and a very noisy gallop to mask the sound effects. Even so, the fact that we ever got shots by this method continues to amaze me.

Once we spotted a band of ewes standing motionless on the top of

continued

In a tent made entirely of Persian carpets, the hunters relax at the end of the day with an elaborate meal of fresh roast sheep and exotic Middle Eastern dishes.

a rock promontory, and suspecting that there were probably rams near by, we stopped to scan the area with field glasses. So far ahead that they were merely tiny dots moving across a narrow saddle, we sighted a herd that numbered at least 100 sheep. They were running in waves of 10 or a dozen at a time from the protection of an outcropping of rock, into the clearing and across to cover on the other side.

"They're heading for a basin on the far side of this mountain," His Majesty whispered and handed me his glasses for a better look. "It's a long ride from here but the wind is very good. We would have to go a little fast to get there before they leave, but you will have a fine shot." It seemed the sporting thing to go along with the plan.

His Majesty took the lead and I was about a nose behind. The troops, clanking and jangling, brought up the rear. Just as I was beginning to think it was not only colorful but rather good fun to be cantering across the Arizonalike countryside with the Shah of Iran, His Majesty's horse shifted into high and the race was on. Everywhere he went, I went—but not with the same riding form.

The straightaway wasn't too bad; in fact, as long as I didn't look each time the jagged boulders loomed into sight, it was rather thrilling in an Omar Khayyamish way. The wind was whistling and roaring past my ears and stinging tears into my eyes. I didn't mind the uphill too much, but the downhill started to get tricky. The real moment of alarm came when I spotted a dried-up riverbed straight ahead and estimated in a horrified glance that it must once have held at least four feet of water.

In one mighty leap, the Shah's horse sailed gracefully across the chasm. Still gaining on him, Bombast and I were suddenly airborne.

In retrospect, the part about this ride I find hardest to believe is that, although the horse and I definitely parted company crossing the river, we somehow managed to land as one on the other side. Unfortunately I lost my stirrups in flight and nearly slid off the horse as he plunged straight up a virtually vertical mountain but, with a firm grip on his mane, I decided this had finally become a question of honor. We evidently crossed the finish line at just this point because the Shah came to a halt, winner by a length. He turned to me with that completely disarming smile and said, "Everywhere my horse goes, your horse follows."

We finished going up the mountain on foot, and fortunately the army had enough sense to stay at the bottom. His Majesty went straight to the top without stopping to rest. He ducked down as we reached the crest and motioned me to come along. When I was at his side he continued to wave me forward. This put me momentarily in a quandary. I had been warned not to walk ahead of the Shah under any circumstances since this would violate protocol, but here was a case of imperial command.

The Shah solved the dilemma himself, and I should have realized that he would be as charming under these circumstances as he had been under all others. "You go on ahead," he whispered in a very low voice as we crouched just behind the crest. "I have a telescopic sight and I can shoot from here. The game will surely see us if we both try to cross the top and it is good for you to be closer with open sights."

Just as I crawled over the top all the sheep looked up, shuffled their feet uncertainly and stampeded off in the other direction. My one shot at a departing speck in the V of my sight missed by a mile, and I ducked down to give the Shah shooting room as he sent three Weatherby

300 bullets into as many sheep. I balanced the score somewhat later in the day by taking two rams from two different herds, but I suspect it will be a long time before anyone matches that Imperial Triple.

My best shot came while hunting boar near the Caspian Sea a few days later. His Majesty, whose religion forbids him to shoot boar, had arranged for me to hunt both boar and pheasants on his property overlooking the water at Ramsar. "It is as green as any place you will ever see," he said when he described the area. After the arid, rocky mountains that stretch from Teheran for miles in all directions, I was unprepared for the lush, tangled mass of tropical vegetation that forms a dense, mist-shrouded jungle from the base of the mountains to the sea. In the eerie half light of evening, the Imperial Hotel rises spectacularly above the steaming gardens, looking like a fairy-tale palace. There were pheasants everywhere. Walking through the wet sea of green directly below the hotel, I had no problem flushing birds every 10 feet in spite of the rain that fell unceasingly. But even with dogs the birds were virtually impossible to recover in the brush, and, after losing three, the lure of a hot shower and fresh caviar at the hotel became overpowering.

Besides, my guide had more exciting game in mind. After dark, we were to go out to the rice farms where great, tusked boars often root up entire fields in an evening, doing damage that takes weeks to repair. The farmers are grateful to anyone who will shoot them.

Sarkis Geworkian is their hero. He is always ready to take on one more boar. He considers himself, in fact, the Master of the Persian Boar, and he is not being immodest. In a lifetime of hunting, kings, princes and heads of state have

sought his services as a wild boar guide, as well as on hunts for other game, and none went home dissatisfied. Sarkis is not, however, a professional guide in the ordinary sense. When he is not off stalking game he is something of an entrepreneur in a variety of businesses from service stations to fruit farms. Indeed, the giant grapefruits and oranges he grows on his ranches along the Caspian Sea are a source of almost as much pride as the reputation he has gained throughout his country as a master hunter.

I have the luck of hunting," he explained, using the few English words he knew. "If I, Sarkis, am there, there the games are coming. I am walking through the forest where no leopards are coming. Everyone tells me no leopards are there. But I, Sarkis, look into the forest anyway, and I see not one leopard is coming but five leopards are coming.

"There is Madam coming. HUH HUH HUH. There is three *bébé* coming. *huh huh huh*. And there is Monsieur coming. HUH HUH HUH. I have five shots. *Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang.* Now no more leopards are coming."

Sarkis punctuates his conversations generously with sound effects and hand gestures. Like all the professional hunters I have known, he has one special animal that excites him more than any other. For Sarkis, it is the wild boar. When he is hunting them, everything about him changes. His senses become so acute that they filter out everything but his quarry; perspiration forms on his brow and his hands become clammy.

Driving slowly along a rutted track in the dark of night, I could hear Sarkis' loud breathing and feel his tenseness, like an electric current, in the jeep. A heavy rain pounded on the canvas roof and almost blacked out the beam of his

light as he played it across the rice paddies. The idea was to stop the jeep as soon as the light picked up a boar in the field, jump out and fire before the animal ran off. It all sounded very impractical, but I saw no reason to say so.

All of a sudden Sarkis braked the jeep, and I hit the windshield with a crash. He was jabbering incoherently, but from his excitement I knew he could only mean boar. I lost valuable seconds forcing open the door that chose that moment to jam, then fell flat in the mud as I slipped jumping out. When I finally shoved a cartridge in the chamber and located Sarkis' light beamed from the other side of the jeep into the field, there wasn't time for anything more than a hasty snap shot at a dark shadow disappearing out of the hazy circle of light.

Sarkis was out of the jeep almost before the shot went off. He had a big red setter named Joker with him, and they both acted as if they expected me to come along too. About the most ridiculous thing I could think of at that point was to stumble through an overgrown field in the pitch blackness after what might turn out to be a wounded wild boar. I tried to explain this in English, but Sarkis didn't understand any better than the dog. Reluctantly I started into the field.

I hadn't taken a dozen steps when the dog began to bark and I heard Sarkis cheer. He came toward me in the darkness dragging a great boar by the tail and grinning from ear to ear. I was definitely in with Sarkis.

The best wild boar hunting was in the Filburz Mountains, where we made camp 12,000 feet high in a yoghurt maker's abandoned log cabin. His reasons for abandoning it were clear. Most of the shingles had been blown off its roof and gaping holes ventilated every wall.

Camp lacked such refinements as sleeping bags and air mattresses, but I was given five blankets. They looked suspiciously thin as I spread

three on the bare, wet ground and, dressed in every item of heavy clothing I had with me, pulled the other two around me. By 4 o'clock in the morning, in an agony of aches, I decided if I did eventually fall asleep it would only be the first symptom of freezing to death. I tried to gather some wood to build a fire.

In the night the stream outside my "cabin" had frozen solid and everything was frosted with a hilgree of ice. Standing on the top of the mountain in the predawn half light I forgot my misery in the enchantment of the cold beauty around me. Clouds were piled like cotton candy in the valleys far below, and the lights of a village many miles away flickered like tiny birthday candles against the darkness. In the distance were scattered stands of oak and pine trees and deep basins choked with shiny green holly. At least a hundred waterfalls tumbled swiftly into thin, dark chasms lavishly hung with chandeliers of dripping moss.

In one such chasm, later in the day, we happened upon what at first glance seemed to be a family of five wild boars, all snuffling and snorting as they rooted with their tusks beneath a carpet of fallen leaves. I picked a good-sized one for camp (the meat is excellent), and when my rifle went off, to our surprise at least a dozen other pigs exploded up the cliffsides and out from under the brush in all directions. We actually had stepped right by the biggest ones.

Boars weren't the only game that outsmarted us. On our last hunt I had a disappointing experience with an ibex. The Shah was very enthusiastic about the big ibex in the Farahabat region and he wanted me to take home a good trophy. As we rode along, the Shah told me of several that were so old they were white in color and had horns four feet long.

continued

"But one thing you will discover about our Persian ibex," he cautioned, "is that they are not so easy to reach, especially the old ones. I have watched them go straight up a mountain, and then I have tried to see what rocks or paths were there for their feet. I could find nothing to support them. No other animals can climb such steep and smooth mountains as our Persian ibex."

We were fortunate to spot one of the white ibex almost where the Shah expected, but as he had also expected, it was in a practically inaccessible place. The only approach involved a lengthy stalk to the other side of the mountain and then up and over. The horses and troops came part of the way, and for once I felt affection for Bombast. The climb was almost straight up. On horseback it was difficult; on foot it would have been sheer misery.

Near the top we dismounted. I began to understand what the Shah meant about ibex walking on nothing. We slipped and slid over rock faces that were nearly 90° in pitch and finally gave up trying to prevent loose pieces of shale from chattering noisily to the valley below.

Each time we crept up to a ridge expecting to surprise the white ibex on the other side, we found instead only an empty expanse of rock. Eventually we came to a blind cliff and could go no farther. We sat for about 10 minutes on its edge, gazing what we were able to see of the mountain around us, but it was apparent that our white ibex had long since departed.

On the way down to meet the horses, we did spot two average heads and I took the larger at about 400 yards. But we didn't learn until we rejoined the Master of the Hunt how close we had actually been to the big fellow. Atabai had watched our progress through held glasses from the valley. What he had seen,

and we had not, was the great white ibex carefully hidden from our view in a niche of rock not 60 yards from where we sat on the cliff's edge.

The unsuccessful stalk had taken us a long distance from where we were scheduled to have lunch and, because of the late hour, my horseman went on ahead to help with the preparations. I would like to think that his absence was partly the excuse for my committing the imperial faux pas of the trip.

Aside from the fact that my horse insisted on trying to overtake His Majesty's whenever they were near, Bombast also looked surprisingly like the Shah's stallion. Both were purebred Arabians, both were white and both had several brownish spots on their necks. When an unfamiliar-looking horseman led a very familiar-looking horse right up to where we were standing and His Majesty stepped back at the same time, I assumed the horse was Bombast. I had one foot in the stirrup and the other just over the saddle when a small and completely agitated voice said: "But that's my horse!" And so it was.

Everyone else was speechless. Atabai looked stunned. The horseman didn't look at all. Lieut. Kamibiz later remarked: "That's the first time that has ever happened," and, from the general reaction, he doubtless spoke the truth.

Fortunately, the Shah recovered his composure quickly and, with his customary charm, was most gracious about the error. As he took my hastily vacated place in the saddle, he smiled broadly and said, "I think you would find my horse is not as sweet as yours to ride."

Bombast seemed like an old buddy when I climbed back on, and because it was our last day together I let him have his head—which made for a wild ride. I was concentrating so hard on staying in the saddle that I didn't notice our final lurching place until the horse came to an abrupt stop. Even if I had seen it from

a distance, I wouldn't have believed it was real. On other days lunch had been a substantial but simple affair. Except for the imperial atmosphere they weren't much different from hundreds of lunches I have had on other hunts. But today everything was changed.

There, sitting in the middle of the open desert was a tent made entirely of Persian carpets. The ground sheet was another enormous Persian rug of exquisite workmanship. Next to it were several smaller ones, each a masterpiece, evidently placed there for wiping hoots. Off at a discreet distance was a privy made of Persian carpets.

A half dozen white-coated cooks wearing elaborate chef's hats were grilling kabobs of mutton and ibex over an open fire, stirring great caldrons of steaming sauces with huge spoons, and sprinkling a little turmeric here or a dash of curry there. In the clear, cold waters of a spring that bubbled mysteriously from the base of a single, umbrella-branched tree, a stew and carefully turned bottles of beer and fine wine.

Inside the dining tent the table was set with tissue-thin bone china, hand-cut crystal and heavily monogrammed silver. Vast platters were heaped with salads, cheeses, fruits and golden Persian melons. There were tall stacks of two kinds of bread and round bowls of strangely nut-flavored rice.

It was already dusk on the desert when the last course was served and the last wine poured. The hunt was ended. Outside the horses waited in artistic silhouette against the darkening sky, and a new moon, rising regally above our tent, touched long silver fingers to their manes. The soldiers stood in small groups talking among themselves and the musical flow of their language drifted across the evening. I said nothing. I wanted to hold every impression tightly in my hands. END



Insulated and rigidified for extra comfort. Up to 39% more insulation goes into rugged Ford-built bodies. There is a triple layer of floor insulation — thick insulation overhead to keep out cold, heat and noise.



Extra guards against rust—Zinc-rich primer is sprayed on critical underbody areas. Galvanized steel that resists rust 2 to 3 times longer than ordinary steel is used in other vital underbody parts.



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Every car built by Ford Motor Company is *weatherproofed* to stay newer longer and protect your investment. For instance, galvanized steel is used for underbody parts most subject to rust. Then, there's a more durable, four-coat finish with two outer coats of baked enamel — not lacquer. And all body openings of Ford-built cars are tightly sealed to block out wind and moisture. Great care is given even the smallest items . . . stainless steel screws, for example, at all exposed points. Even the factory-installed coolant which provides anti-rust and anti-freeze protection is good for 36,000 miles or two years. Wherever you look, you'll find the marks of quality that make Ford-built cars last longer, need less care and keep their value better.

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Galaxie. **THUNDERBIRD**
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MOTOR COMPANY



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(and all through the year)

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Beautifully gift-wrapped at no extra cost.

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THE NON-ORGANIZATION BOY

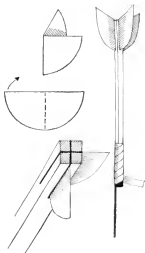
There are a few grown-ups around who remember living a not-so-organized childhood—one in which they were in charge of a good deal of their time. There is little evidence that the boys (or girls) suffered thereby. On the contrary, what they did with their time and a few old boards and wheels was, as the concoctions here show, often pure genius and always fun. It still can be



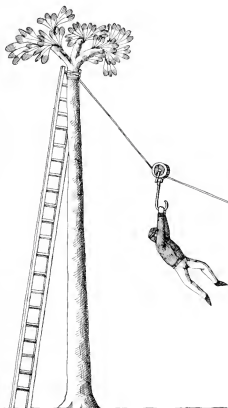
The spars in this skate sail are made of strips of strong wood. Oak or spruce will do. The curved leading edge of sail is reinforced with a piece of bamboo, soaked in boiling water and bent to shape. Lash spars together with heavy cord, use an old duck sail (or a bed sheet, if you can get away with one). Reinforce the sail at ends of spars with heavy canvas. Then put on your skates and let the winter winds blow.

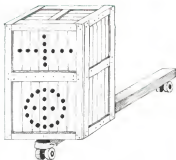
continued

*Darts, anyone? You can make your own with little
er matches, paper, tape and a straight pin or need-
le. Cut off match head and tape pin to stick. If you
use a needle, you can force eye end up through cen-
ter of wood, so that tape is not necessary. Split other
end of stick as shown and insert paper fin. Targets
can easily be cut from old pieces of cardboard.*

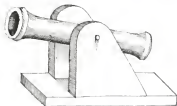


*If there are not enough plastic air-filled balls to pick-
up baseball game or the job isn't done, and you
feel the need for some action, rig up this Slide
for Life. Use the kind of pulley that opens on a
hinge—sailors call it a snatch block—so you can
take it off the rope at the bottom and carry it
back up the tree for the next slide. For safety's
sake it is better to use a double rope—and remem-
ber to bail out before you arrive at the garage.*

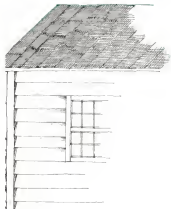




This toy, called a Push-O, is made with a pine or oak box, a roller skate and a crate, all nailed together. Front end may be decorated with bottle caps. Ride with hands on top of crate and one foot on base and push with other foot. Steer by leaning.



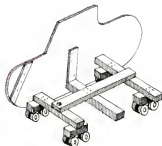
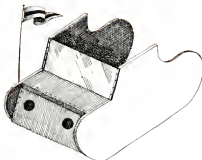
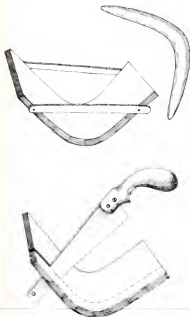
No fancy drawing needed! Just have fun to make a bamboo cannon. Use a section from a piece of bamboo, so that you have a joint at each end. Remove one of the fiber-sealed joints, leaving the other intact. The open end will be the mouth. Wrap wire around middle of cannon and run to holes in side to axis. Use wood shavings or paper fans to a cork. Lift cannon up and half fill with baking soda. Add two drops of vinegar, insert cork, aim and BANG.



Use an old ski that's been gathering dust in your garage as axle and use it as half. Nail seat and handle, as shown, to front half of ski, hammering small nails up through bottom of the ski itself. You steer by leaning, and brake with the feet.

continued

The boomerang is a mysterious weapon which, when thrown properly, comes back to the point where it started. Place a plank of ash, hickory or elm in boiling water until the wood is pliable enough to bend. When you have proper curve, nail on side pieces to hold the bent wood in shape. After wood dries, the curve will be permanent. Remove side pieces and saw section into strips. Shape boomer with knife and rasp, making the bottom flat and the top beveled. Throw with outside curve facing you. Beginners try to hit the target on the out-throw; experts clobber it on the return.



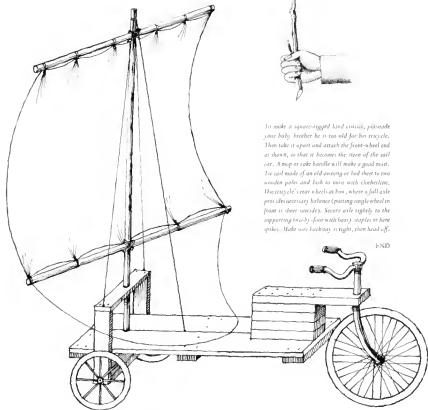
A miniature Sherman tank requires some two-by-fours, plywood siding, plastic for windshield and two pairs of roller skates. Drill a hole in the center of the two-by-four used for front axle and insert a bolt for a kingpin, allowing the tank to be steered. Nail a small box (not shown) to center piece so the driver can sit with feet on front axle. This tank carries a two-man crew - driver and an engineer, who stands in back and pushes when necessary. A well-built machine manned by a determined crew can deliver a serious attack from an apple-slinger (top right, opposite page).

Use an apple stinger, or take a whippy stick from a hedge (preferably from the hedge of a cranky neighbor). Sharpen one end slightly. Skewer the apple—a hard, green one—sideways, not lengthwise, so the point of the stinger goes just through the core. Whip the stick back and let the apple fly. Then garbage-can covers make good shields.



To make a square-egged kind of car, persuade your baby brother he is too old for his tricycle. Then take it apart and attach the front wheel and its shock, so that it becomes the stem of the sail car. A mop or rake handle will make a good mast. The sail made of an old awning or bed sheet is two wooden poles and fast to mast with clothesline. The tricycle's rear wheels act as a base, where a full axle provides necessary balance (putting single wheel in front is sheer suicide). Secure axle tightly to the supporting two-by-fours with heavy staples or large spikes. Make sure backway is right, then head off.

END



WAY OUT OUT WEST: NEW DESIGNS FOR THE SEA ■ ■ ■

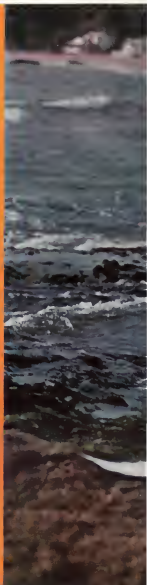
Rudi Gernreich, a California sun-wear specialist who sees flesh as a basic ingredient in swimsuit design, has vastly increased the amount of themselves that American women care to bare at the beach. He has turned the dancer's footpad into a swimsuit that frees the body. In the process, he has ripped out the boning and wiring that made American swimsuits seagoing corsets. For the work of a daring designer of another kind, see page 73

Tiny splashes of knit wool—and large areas of bare skin—make up this Gernreich bikini. On the following pages are some more of his fresh concepts in swimsuits

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON PARKS



Girls who wear Gernreichs hide in a shiny vinyl shell or seek the freedom of the



barest bikini. Rudi believes that American women will soon wear suits without tops





... AND FOR THE MOUNTAINS

"I felt a positive statement was necessary in this landscape," says Architect Victor Lundy of his ski center, opening in the Lincoln National Forest at Sierra Blanca, New Mexico. The statement turned out to be so positive he had to go all the way to Washington for approval. The shingled roof cones (below), reflected on adjoining terraces, are of native materials, but Lundy's use of them is far removed from the usual Forest Service ski shack



Upward-sweeping timbers give the center's restaurant a spacious but warm interior. Design is not only

dramatic but practical: curved beams and roof are shaped to withstand the snow loads and winter winds **END**

A fine test for those who dare face the facts

Unlike most year-end examinations, my bridge quiz is all in fun, and you can even take violent exception to the answers if you choose. But being a stern teacher, I must warn you that if you don't score 45 your game requires first aid. A total between 45 and 55 suggests you merely need a few reminders; with a 55 to 70 you will win in almost any company; a 70 entitles you to boast; and 80 or more means you took the test only to see how good I am



- 1 North-South vulnerable, and as South you hold:



SOUTH 1 NT
WEST PASS
NORTH 2 ♣
EAST 2 ♠

What do you bid now?

- 2 Both sides are vulnerable, and as South you hold:



SOUTH 1 NT
WEST 2 ♣
NORTH 3 ♣
EAST OBL

What do you bid now?

- 3 As South, vulnerable, you hold:



SOUTH 3 ♠
WEST 1 ♠
NORTH OBL
EAST PASS
PASS
PASS
PASS

What do you bid now?

- 4 East-West vulnerable, and as South you hold:



EAST 1 ♠
PASS
SOUTH 2 ♠
WEST PASS
NORTH 3 ♠

What do you bid now?

- 5 As South you hold:



WEST 1 ♠
NORTH 2 ♠
EAST 3 ♠
SOUTH 2

What do you bid now?

- 6 As South you hold:



SOUTH 1 ♠
WEST PASS
NORTH 2 ♠
EAST PASS

What do you bid now?

- 7** North-South vulnerable,
and as South you hold,



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♠ PASS 1NT PASS
2♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 8** As South you hold:



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♥ PASS 2♥ PASS
2♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 9** As South you hold:



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♥ PASS 1♠ PASS
1♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 10** As South you hold:



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♠ PASS 4♥ PASS
1♠ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 11** As South you hold:



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♥ PASS 2♠ PASS
1♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 12** As South you hold:



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♠ DBL 2♥ PASS
1♠ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 13** As South you hold:



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♥ PASS 3NT DBL
1♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 14** As South you hold:



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1NT PASS 3♠ PASS
1NT PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 15** Neither side vulnerable,
and as South you hold:



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♥ 2♣ 2♥ PASS
1♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 16** As South you hold:



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
2♥ PASS 3♦ PASS
2♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 17** As South you hold:



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♥ PASS 2NT PASS
1♥ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

- 18** As South you hold:



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♠ 1♥ DBL 2♣
1♠ PASS PASS

What do you bid now?

See page 99 for the answers

Plays are the thing in the major bowls

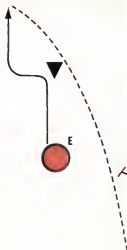
With nine of the 10 top-ranked teams in the U.S. pitted against one another, only the schools with truly brilliant offenses can expect to win this year

The five major bowl games, which will feature all but one of the nation's leading college teams, will be watched by 130 million TV viewers and over 300,000 paid spectators in the four days from December 29 to January 1. Because all of the teams have tight defensive systems, the dazzling play will be at a premium. The University of Southern California has one of the best—an intriguing pass option maneuver (see top right) that will bear watching in its Rose Bowl game against Wisconsin. And Penn State, which meets Florida in the Gator Bowl on December 29, is certain to spring its nifty "bread and butter reverse," which has helped the favored Lions unroll a mighty offense late in the season. For scouting reports of major bowls, turn the page.

CONTINUED



BOLD PENN STATE COACH RIP ENGLE SHOULD WIN HANDILY



PENN STATE SCISSORS, play 42, is one of prettiest, most effective running plays in football. Coach Rip Engle got it from Harvard's Dick Hurlew in 1947, says it has averaged 6.8 yards a try in last 13 years. Quarterback reverse pivots, rides with full-back into line as left half flies to right, faking for outside pitch. Right half stays low, then takes ball and looks for running room through guard or tackle, where defenders are either trapped or pass-blocked.

ROSE BOWL

USC OVER WISCONSIN

This is the first bowl game in which the nation's No. 1-ranked team has ever met the nation's No. 2-ranked team. It is also the first time that teams from Wisconsin and California have faced one another for the championship of anything. No fans are louder than those from Wisconsin (save those from California); only one state is better at rooting home a front-runner than California—Wisconsin. Although Wisconsin is considered a slight favorite, USC probably will win. Big Ten teams have won 13 of 16 games in the current Rose Bowl series and Wisconsin has accounted for two of those three defeats. This Wisconsin team, however, is good—a true Big Ten champion with bell and depth, and USC will have to fight hard to beat it. Quarterback Ron VanderKelen (24) is both an excellent passer and an excellent runner and only 2 7/8" of his passes were intercepted all season. His main target is All-America end Pat Richter (88), 6 feet 5 1/2 inches, 220 pounds. Coach John McKay has built an imaginative offense and a strong defense at USC. His current USC team is

the first undefeated one since 1932, and in its three big games—against Iowa, Washington and Notre Dame—it held the opposition to no points. Quarterbacks Pete Heathard (12) and Bill Nelson (16) call a good running game, and Pass Catcher Hal Bedsole (19) is almost as good as Richter. USC's wide running threat is Willie (The Wop) Brown (26).

Other players to watch and what to watch for: Wisconsin uses a basic pro-type offense with flankers, fashioned along the lines of the Green Bay Packers. Halfback Gary Kroner (16) plays on both offense and defense and hit with 27 of 27 conversion attempts. Bruhn often plays a predominantly sophomore backfield led by Quarterback Harold Brundt (18), Halfbacks Carl Silvestri (45) and Frederic Reichardt (48), and sophomores will, of course, be sophomores. Defensively, Ends Ron Carlson (28) and Larry Howard (81) are better than adequate but, overall, Wisconsin is not strong against flat passes. USC's Ken Del Corral (20), a journeyman ballcarrier, is an excellent



USC's McKay returns glory to West

blocker, and Ben Wilson (49) is strong at fullback. USC had only three passes intercepted all year. The team seems to direct its opening sequence at the bulwark of an opponent's line and once that sector is intimidated, branches out, testing one side and then the other, then usually throws deep to Bedsole. The strategy should win for USC.

SUGAR BOWL

ARKANSAS OVER MISSISSIPPI

Both Arkansas and Mississippi are in full agreement that they met in football in 1914 at Little Rock. Mississippi maintains that it won 13-7. Arkansas says it won 1-0 by forfeit. Small matter, for such things can be expected from these old and hating rivals. In their 25 meetings Arkansas has won 13, Mississippi 12; nine of those games were decided by six points or less. Ole Miss has scored 310 points, Arkansas 303. Mississippi has won the last four games the schools have played, but in this meeting, their first bowl game, Arkansas has a good chance to upset Mississippi. This Arkansas team (9-1) is probably the best in the school's history, and Coach Frank Broyles was recently rewarded with a \$3,000 pay raise (to \$23,000 per year). "By using the three-platoon system this year for the first time," he says, "I had more boys ready to play than ever before—boys who do their talking with their helmets on." The Razorbacks use a tight slot T and the offense is basically a quarterback-fullback operation. Quarterback Billy Moore (30) and Fullback Danny Brabham

(31) are the leaders of this offense and, according to Broyles, "We like to take the ball and run right down the other team's throat." Arkansas also has good field-goal potential in sophomore Tommy McKneely (52), who has hit from as far out as 41 yards and who won the SMU game with a kick of 24 yards. Mississippi Coach Johnny Vaught relies heavily on defense, but in the last three seasons he has moved from ball possession to a wide-open offense. This year he has introduced some elements of the single wing into his slotback and wingback system but, in any case, he will rely heavily on the man in motion and the option pass. Vaught has a fine quarterback in Glynn Griffing (15), who completed 59% of his passes, but still does not have an adequate fullback.

Other players to watch and what to watch for: Arkansas' young defensive secondary has difficulty defending against the short, down-and-out pass. The Razorbacks have superb downfield blocking, and Tailback Jesse Branch (21) will be used mostly as an inside runner but also has enough



ARKANSAS' BROYLES: REVENGE

speed to swing outside. Moore cuts so sharply that on a wet field he loses his effectiveness. Mississippi is strongest against running, yielding only 67.8 yards per game, but almost equally good against passing, giving up 74.4 per game. Ole Miss ability to strike from distances has minimized its weakness at fullback. In a mild upset, Arkansas,

ORANGE BOWL

OKLAHOMA OVER ALABAMA

Bud Wilkinson has sent four Oklahoma teams to Miami's Orange Bowl since 1954; each has won and only one ever dared get itself even momentarily behind. While Miami has certainly been good to Oklahoma, Oklahoma has been even better to Miami. The Sooners have drawn an average of 74,000 to the Orange Bowl, even though the Orange is not the most watched of the televised bowl games (in 1962 19.3 million watched the Orange Bowl compared to 37.8 million for the Rose Bowl).

Oklahoma and Alabama have never met before in football, either in a bowl or a backyard. Oklahoma's strong point is its ground game; Alabama's strong point is stopping a ground game. Somehow, somewhere, something's got to give, and Alabama—although a slight favorite—probably is that something. After losing two of its first three games, Oklahoma pounded its next seven opponents 247-19, and during that period it developed a sound passing attack, which was seldom used by previous Wilkinson-coached teams. Alabama showed

some leaks in its "umbrella" pass defense.

Monte Deere (17), Oklahoma's quarterback, is a good passer but the Sooners have no capable replacement for him and the possibility always exists that while he runs the wing T offense—and he runs it quite a bit—he might be injured. Accurate though he is, Deere still likes to call running plays, sending Fullback Jim Gresham (45) straight ahead and Halfback Joe Don Looney (33) on slants.

Bear Bryant's Alabama team has stood fast for 24 games without allowing an opponent more than one touchdown. Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan (70) is probably the most valuable player on the team, although Slotman Joe Namath (12) has been getting more of the attention. Namath has completed 52% of his passes and commands the offense, which, in Bryant tradition, utilizes the man in motion on almost every play.

Other players to watch and what to watch for: Look for Oklahoma wingback Virgil Boll (39) to get the ball on reverse



SOONERS' WILKINSON: MR. FIVE FOR FIVE

plays. Deere will try to hustle Alabama off side with long counts and check-offs at the line of scrimmage. Alabama's Namath might not be as free to throw as he was late in the season if his team gets behind. Don't be surprised if Bryant reverts to his old self inside Alabama's 20. But whatever he does, it is not likely to be enough

COTTON BOWL

LSU OVER TEXAS

Neither Coach Chuck McClendon at Louisiana State nor Darrell Royal at Texas believes that the passing game is here to stay in college football and thus the Cotton Bowl becomes a game of one strong defense against another. LSU gave up an average of 3.4 points per game during the season. Texas, by comparison, was munificent, giving up an average of 5.9, and thus a well-planned safety might win this game. "We must be," says Royal, "the most criticized undefeated team in history," and that criticism came because Texas has often been a dud offensively. Royal relies on running and kicking but lacks a breakaway runner. There is a certain indecisiveness surrounding the Texas quarterback situation and Royal may use three: Johnny Gering (14), Duke Carlisle (11) and Tommy Wade (17). Wade is the best passer of the three and the only one whom Royal will allow to pass in his own end of the field. LSU uses a slot T offense with the halfback flanker cutting back to the line of scrimmage. The big problem with LSU's passing has been the receivers—they

drop too many. Defensively LSU has not given up a touchdown by running in its last 16 games (it gave up four TDs this year on passes). LSU is willing to give up the short pass and make the tackle instantly. When the Tigers are near their goal, however, they step in and stop the short pass. Jerry Stovall (21) is a powerful halfback with good running balance and is regarded as a better goal-line runner than Billy Cannon. Stovall is also LSU's best pass catcher, a fine punter (37-yard average), a good defensive back and fine at returning kickoffs (41.6-yard average). Lynn Amodee (11) is the quarterback and also the field-goal and conversion kicker. He made five of eight field-goal attempts and 18 of 20 conversions.

Other players to watch and what to watch for: Texas has the best pair of linebackers in college ball in Johnny Treadwell (60) and Pat Culppepper (31). Texas quarterbacks will sprint out instead of passing from the pocket, and they will bring the ball down and run with it instead of gambling with a pass to a partially covered



LSU'S McCLENDON SHOULD HAVE A WIN

receiver. Texas uses an eight-man front and is deft at stopping traps. Fullback Ray Poize (33) has been bothered all year by injuries but is still good for short gains. LSU can be stung by the pass. The key defensive linemen are Tackle Fred Miller (78) and Center Dennis Gaubatz (53). Miller is excellent at rushing the passer. LSU should win.

Two hot games in the Deepfreeze bowls

There are reasons for not having post-season bowl games in places like New York and Philadelphia and the Swift & Co. meat locker, but too often the reasons have been dismissed as mere common sense. Promoters of the Liberty (Philadelphia) and Gotham (New York) bowls, undeterred, set out last week to prove that entertaining bowl games can be played in subfreezing weather just as well as they can in subtropical Miami and New Orleans and Pasadena, and they proved their point, too. Unfortunately, nobody listened. Worse for them, nobody paid to watch.

So calmly received was the fourth annual Liberty Bowl match that only 17,000 fans—flyspecks in sprawling 105,000-seat Philadelphia Stadium—were favored with the actual sight of Terry Baker, the season's outstanding player, running 99½ yards on behalf of Oregon State for the touchdown that beat Villanova 6-0. This, moreover, was a clanging multitude compared with the 6,000 ("exclusive of kids in the bleachers," promoters announced sportingly) who suffered the 17½ at Yankee Stadium to see what may well prove the most exciting bowl match of all—Nebraska's 36-34 victory over Miami in which Miami All-America George Mira passed (and passed and passed and passed) with breathtaking skill.

No time goes now

But skill, painfully applied, and the individual magnitude of such stars as Baker and Mira are not necessarily the principal requirements for bowl success. The Gotham Bowl, after two tries, likely will not come up for a third. Promoter Bob Curran has thrown up his hands after dropping \$150,000 in two years. Bud Dudley, who would do anything short of opening his veins for the Liberty Bowl (a \$15,000-\$70,000 loser Saturday), says he expects to be around to "celebrate its 25th anniversary," but Philadelphiaans regard this as bravado. What Dudley interprets as "a rumbling" of interest is, according to fellow townsmen, really a death rattle.

Primarily the games are victims of climate and their own cities' partiality to professional football, but so are they hurt by pairings that are not quite in-

spiring enough. The leavening process of the regular season leaves promoters with less than the best candidates; this year they got four good teams, to be sure, but teams that had lost two and three games apiece. Villanova's victories were over such as West Chester and Delaware; it had been beaten by Massachusetts U. The very best teams go where there is more warmth and more money, even Penn State, right in the neighborhood, spurred Dudley's advances and chose the Gator Bowl. Without a matchup that purported to prove something, the games become little more than a postscript to the regular season and are unable to make up for a massive shortage of glitter and ceremony; i.e., shapely ladies in bathing suits, paper mache, tennis tournaments, big parades—the things with which major bowl games are tinselled and sold. The half-time show at the Gotham Bowl consisted of a local band, a drill team and a group of little girls twirling batons.

The Gotham Bowl's private black cloud was a newspaper strike that virtually shut it off from nine million New Yorkers, which was just as well because the bungling that was going on would have been sad to read. Curran, putting up a brave front, scurried around trying to get national TV (worth \$100,000 to the promotion last year) and wound up instead with a reported \$25,000 for a taped, abbreviated showing that ABC earned six hours after the kickoff. The principals, Miami and Nebraska, were so bedazzled by the footwork that they demanded—and got, after New York Mayor Robert Wagner interceded—\$500,000 for Nebraska, \$30,000 for Miami. Wagner had to personally reassure worried Miami President Dr. Henry King Stanford. Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney held his squad at the Lincoln airport Friday until the check was certified in a New York bank. Eventually, at the stadium, there was a stunning absence of press credentials. Curran himself had to borrow a reporter's pass to get into his own game.

Both playing fields were frozen; all four teams wore sneakers, and batume heaters were a man's best friend on the



SMOOTH-RUNNING TERRY BAKER GOES

bench. Miami borrowed the New York Giants' warmest warmup capes. Cheerleaders wore overcoats. Oregon State players wore thermal underwear and golf gloves. Villanova, sort of semi-de-emphasized in football, couldn't afford gloves. With the prospect of Philadelphia and New Yorkers staying away in divisions and regiments, Promoter Dudley turned his game into a hospital charity and offered students tickets for \$1 each. Promoter Curran did the same for the kids in Yankee Stadium.

In both cases, it was a huck well spent, for both games were entertainment of a high order. The protagonists were Baker in Philadelphia and Mira in New York, though Mira performed for a loser.

Heisman Trophy Winner Baker had been so busy traveling around harvesting awards and studying for exams the three weeks prior to the game that he had practiced only five times—four times with the Oregon State basketball team (he's a star guard) and once with the football team. "I'm cold. And I'm rusty," he said. Villanova, a 14-point underdog, was not expected to know the difference. "From what I've seen of the



FOR DISTANCE IN LIBERTY BOWL

films," said Villanova Captain and Tackle Charley Johnson. "Baker gets his team out of trouble as fast as it gets in."

With five minutes left in the first quarter, Oregon State was clearly in trouble. A Villanova punt had been downed a foot from the State goal. Anticipating a safety-first plunge, Villanova set eight men on the line. Instead of a plunge, however, Quarterback Baker daringly rolled to his left. For a moment it looked like disaster, then it was sheer delight. Wildest Tackle Al Atkinson, slicing through behind the goal line, clawed at Baker's right side, but couldn't hold and fell away. At the State 7, Sideback Larry Glueck embraced him near the sidelines, but Baker stiff-armed Glueck off and lengthened his stride. At the 10 he conjoined with a three-man escort and from there it was easy, a 90-yard footrace to the Villanova goal.

Afterward, Baker, smiling soulfully, his Adam's apple bobbing, and he was "lucky" and "wasn't really very good today" and was sweetly self-deprecating, but truth was that a Baker-less Oregon State wouldn't have beaten underdog, underprivileged Villanova. Baker,

running and passing, accounted for 260 of State's 299 yards. His passing for the most part was just ordinary (a pro scout said that he will make it more as a runner anyway), but then Baker was rusty. Coach Tommy Prothro also admitted that Baker was injured—a sore right shoulder—and had been advised "not to run." It's lucky for Prothro that Baker calls the plays.

Villanova's bigger—by 15 pounds per man—line was good. The Wildcats also moved the ball well (20 first downs, 246 yards rushing) but invariably they were hurt by tactical misadventures. These did not occur when the powerhouse fullbacks, 240-pound Billy Joe and 235-pound Lou Rettino, ran, but when Quarterbacks Richie Richman and Ted Aceto succumbed to temptation and tried Baker tactics: rollouts and the like. Wildcat drives were stalled. Joe had a 12-yard touchdown run wiped out by a holding penalty in the second quarter.

In New York's Gotham Bowl, Nebraska tried everything but the Peace Corps to stop Mira. The Cornhuskers blitzed, they crashed their ends, yielded the short ground to protect long, and still the black-eyed, olive-skinned junior quarterback fished them with his line-drive passes. There were 46 in all, 24 completed for 321 yards and two touchdowns—but five other Mira passes were dropped, four more bounced off frozen hands and another sailed artfully overhead as End Bill Sparks slipped and fell on his face at the Nebraska goal line. It was a superb performance by a superb player, Mira, but it wasn't enough for Miami to win.

For such meager crowds, the games were a waste, but the games were a wide-screen spectacle of offense. In the Gotham Bowl the lead changed hands four times. Nebraska's Willie Ross ran 92 yards on a kickoff return for a touchdown and set up another with a 41-yard run. Fullbacks Thunder Thornton of Nebraska and Nick Ryder of Miami were dreadnoughts. In the Liberty Bowl, Villanova played the kind of underdog game that makes for long, apocryphal stories that will be remembered by people who forget that Oregon State won. But all will remember Baker. By his lights, he had a bad day, but he assured his team of a cool win.

—JOHN UNDERWOOD



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BROODING LEN DAWSON AND ROOKIE SAFETYMAN BOBBY PLY STUDY RIVAL OFFENSE

Dallas is a loud success with its silent quarterback

Len Dawson, who almost never speaks, is the principal reason why the Texans are favored to win the AFL championship game this week

The Dallas Texan trainer was massaging Quarterback Len Dawson's arm just before a recent game. Dawson, stripped to the waist, sat silently on the training table. When a visitor came in to congratulate him on a fine season, Dawson regarded him coldly and did not answer. He retrieved his arm from the trainer briefly in order to shake hands, then retired again into the brooding silence that is the salient part of his personality. It is Dawson, more than any other person, who has led the Texans to their first AFL division championship, but you would never suspect his importance to the team looking at him.

The arm the trainer was working on is thin and white and unimpressive. Dawson has the torso of a captain of the chess team and he is as sparkling as a piece of wet liver. But he leads the AFL in passing and his leadership has given the Texans the confidence they lacked in previous seasons. He has, too, the courage to accept adversity. He does not throw the ball under pressure if he has no chance to complete the pass. He takes the tackle.

Dawson was the first draft choice of the Pittsburgh Steelers in 1957, after setting Big Ten passing records at Purdue. He stayed with the Steelers for three years, sitting silently on the bench watching Bobby Layne play, then went to the Cleveland Browns, where he sat quietly and contemplated the heroics of Milt Plum.

Taken by a sudden fit of conversation recently, he explained, with characteristic honesty, why he never played in the NFL.

"It has to be one of two reasons," he said. "First, because they didn't have confidence in me. That's hard to believe. Why would I have been there? Second, because Buddy Parker and Paul Brown believe in finding one quarterback and sticking with him through thick and thin."

Hank Stram, who coaches the Texans and who was assistant coach at Purdue when Dawson played there, is a one-quarterback man, too, but now the quarterback is Dawson. Stram has complete confidence in Dawson and allows him to call his own plays. Once in a while Stram will send in a call, but Dawson does not always use it.

"He's independent," Stram says. "He always has been. I remember the first

time I met him. We were trying to get him to come to Purdue and we were in the gym. Len was passing. He was a great pincer even then. He was a fine basketball player, too, and the basketball coach came over to meet him. 'I hope you come to Purdue,' he said to Len. 'I know you will be a big help to us in basketball.' Dawson gave him that look and said, 'You don't know that. You've never seen me play.'

"That look" is what Dawson uses most of the time in place of conversation. "He looks at you as if he is thinking, 'Does this guy know what he is talking about?'" says Lamar Hunt, the owner of the Texans. "I can't figure him out. I know he is the most completely matter-of-fact human being I have ever met. And I know, too, that he has the complete confidence of the team. They are afraid of him, I think. He can scare a 270-pound tackle with that look."

When Dawson takes the field, however, his personality undergoes a radical change. He does not depend upon the chilling stare to reprimand players for missed assignments. He is almost as vocal as Bobby Layne, who was his close friend on the Steelers. Layne helped Dawson learn the intricacies of playing pro quarterback.

Explaining his loquaciousness on the field, Dawson says, "I like to win. I like to eliminate mistakes. During the week, the coaches are the leaders. When the game starts, it's my job. I don't want the players to have mental lapses. The worst thing in football is to give up the ball because of a mental lapse."

Technically, Dawson is a good quarterback. He has a long range and throws accurately and he has that good peripheral vision which allows him to avoid rushers and pick up late-opening receivers or receivers in a broken pattern. He is not a good runner, but he manages to make yards when he does decide to run.

"I don't have the speed," he says frankly. "I run to get the defense honest. Sometimes I get good yardage running because the defense comes flying in there and I step around them. If you step around a guy and make 10 yards, he'll slow up next time."

Dawson does not seek the sanctuary of the sideline when he steps around the rushers and runs. By staying in the middle of the field he has averaged eight yards a try this season.

"The only reason a quarterback goes for the sidelines is to keep from getting hurt," he says. "I've been rapped a few times stepping out of bounds. My senior year against Notre Dame some guy hit me when I was already stopped and knocked me into the second row of the stands. If a guy is going to take a shot at me, I'd rather it happen in the fat part of the field where I can at least make a few yards."

Although Dawson is the big difference in the Dallas team this year, there are other contributing factors to its rise to the division title. A massive rookie fullback named Curtis McClinton has given the Texans a running attack. McClinton weighs 238 pounds and was fast enough to run the high hurdles at Kansas. Early in the season he tried to depend upon his size and strength to bowl over tacklers. But as the season went on, McClinton found that size was not enough and he has become a smarter runner recently. Abner Haynes, the other running back, is very much like the Baltimore Colts' Lennie Moore, both in speed and elusiveness. A backfield with McClinton and Haynes in it, plus a passer and sometimes a runner like Dawson, is very hard to defend against. Dawson, in addition, has good receivers to pass to in Haynes, Link Fred Arbanas and Tommy Brooker and flanker Buck Frank Jackson.

Rock hard defense, too

The defense is the best in the AFL, principally because of the best set of linebackers in the league, E. J. Holub, Walt Corey and Sherrill Hendrick. The secondary is quick and gaining in knowledge steadily. The Texans, too, are deep in defensive backs. In a recent game against the Denver Broncos, Stram put a rookie defender in the game in place of Safety Bobby Hunt, who leads the team in interceptions. The rookie, a quarterback from Baylor named Bobby Ply, responded to opportunity by intercepting three passes, and Hunt may find it difficult winning back his job.

This team, which probably has the best players in the league, was assembled by Hunt at very considerable expense. In the bidding war with the NFL for players, Hunt has earned the reputation for having the fastest checkbook in the West. He has also had, for three years, one of the best scouting systems in the league.

Much of the talent on the team was recruited by Will Walls, a man with a keen eye for future pro players. "If Walls could see every player in the country in action, he could give you an absolutely accurate estimate of their pro potential," one club official said. "He was the best scout I have ever seen." When Walls left the Texans to scout for the Pittsburgh Steelers, he was replaced by Don Klosterman, a former quarterback who had had much to do with selecting and signing the talent for the San Diego Chargers. Klosterman has kept up the standard set by Walls.

After the annual draft, Hunt gets the entire staff going in an effort to sign the team's top choices at once. He also uses a couple of lease hounds from his oil operations, who give up wheeling oil leases out of reluctant farmers long enough to gather signatures from reluctant football players. When Ed Budde, the big Michigan State tackle, was drafted by the Texans, one of the lease hounds, who knew he would be trying to sign Budde, sent the player's wife two dozen yellow roses of Texas. When he sat down to talk terms with Budde, he had a ready-made ally in Mrs. Budde. The Texans this year signed three high draft choices—Junious Buchanan of Grambling, Budde, and Bobby Bell of Minnesota—almost immediately. Oddly, Hunt himself is the least successful signer though he offers the fattest contracts.

"When I talk to a boy, I can't say I'll check with someone else to see if we can meet his demands," Hunt says. "I'm the someone else."

This Sunday, the Texans will meet the Houston Oilers in Houston for the AFL championship and should beat them. The Texans are definitely a better all-around team, one that will take advantage of Oiler lapses. George Blanda, the Oiler quarterback, has an unfortunate habit of hanging passes for interceptions and the Texan defense will be ready for the hanging. The Texan runners—McClinton and Haynes—are better than Charles Tolar and Billy Cannon, since Cannon has slowed down this year. The Texans lead the league in both offense and defense. Houston is second, but it is a rather distant second.

And then, Dallas has Dawson. He is easily the best quarterback in the American Football League. And titles are won with quarterbacks.

END

The Bearcats solve a problem for Ed

Cincinnati Coach Ed Jucker was worried as his defending champions faced their first tough foe of the season—but his team wasn't. Playing their precise, deliberate best, the Bearcats whipped Kansas State

Seven hours before his basketball team took the court at Kansas State University last weekend, Cincinnati Coach Ed Jucker sat in a Manhattan, Kans. coffee shop and stared into his empty soft-drink glass. "I'm in a fog," he said. "I just don't know how good we are." Any of the country's several hundred other college basketball coaches would have strained a short rib laughing at this dour sight. Cincinnati had, after all, four starters back from the team that decisively won last year's national championship. It had won its first four games this season with consummate ease. Jucker might have to wonder whether his team could beat the Boston Celtics, but this concern over Kansas State hardly seemed necessary.

Yet Ed Jucker, as intense and analytical a coach as there is in basketball, had a point. Those first four victories were insignificant, he knew, because they were scored over mediocre opposition. This in turn meant that he could not be sure he had made the right decision in replacing his graduated All-America center, Paul Hogue, by shifting Forward George Wilson into Hogue's old spot. Center George Wilson, like national champion Cincinnati, had not really been tested. Now Kansas State was willing to oblige, and was an appropriate opponent to provide Cincinnati's first valid challenge.

Like Cincinnati, Kansas State is a school with an awesome victory tradition. Each has won over 80% of its games during the past five years. What is more significant, both teams feature an unusually aggressive defense, and both operate a pattern offense so faithfully that they are suspected of trying to make the fast break as obsolete as the eight-hour workday. Finally, in Kansas State, Cincinnati was facing a team coached by one of the most resourceful minds in basketball, that of 40-year-old Tex Winter.

While students began lining up outside the K-State field house at noon last Friday in order to maneuver into the best seats for the 9:30 p.m. game, Winter and Jucker were doing some maneuvering of their own at a booster club luncheon downtown. Both coaches have had basketball books published within the past few months, and when they were called upon for a few remarks the two authors unflinchingly injected plugs for their works as they indulged in the standard coach's ploy of puffing up the legend of the opponent's strength.

"I want to tell you all how grateful I am that Ed got his new book out in time for me to study it thoroughly before this game," said Tex Winter. "What's the name of your book again, Ed?"

"*Cincinnati Power Basketball*," said Jucker.

"Oh, that's right. I knew there was 'power' in the title somewhere," said Winter.

A relaxed man with dark hair and an almost sleepy expression, Winter piled up the pressure by stating that he considered Cincinnati the nation's best team during the past two years, and he considers them to be the same thing now.

No laughing matter

Ed Jucker may have had a wonderful sense of humor at one time. But when you coach a basketball team that has won 60 of its last 65 you begin to see enemies everywhere. Why not? There are enemies everywhere. So Jucker fielded Winter's praise with his version of uproarious laughter—a tight-lipped grin. "We're not nearly so deep as we have been the past five years," he said. "We'll just have to struggle along and do our best."

For his part, despite his considerably cheerier appearance, Winter knew his team had to overcome very definite limitations if it was to have the honor of upsetting Cincinnati. He reviewed those

limitations later that day in the privacy of his spacious, pale-green office.

"We've lost four of last year's starters and we are inexperienced—much more than I realized," he said. "Last year we ran eight series of options. This year we can use only two." Winter specializes in a complicated offense called the triple post, which requires three tall, strong forwards to rotate in and out of the pivot spot, following a path that forms an imaginary triangle, the apex of which is some seven feet from the basket. Inexperience would limit his defense, too: "Last year we could force other teams to play our game. This year we have to make adjustments, depending on the opponent," he said. Nor do the adjustments always work, as State's 1-3 record showed.

Still, Winter felt his best chance was to pressure Cincinnati's offense. "Everyone will tell me I'm nuts, I suppose, but I think they can be forced out of their pattern. A fast-break team can spoil our type of defense because it doesn't depend on any special patterns to get its shots. But a ball-control team like Cincinnati can be hurt if it doesn't get the opportunities its patterns are supposed to create. We will try to break up their patterns. The big question is whether we have the personnel to do it."

The big answer was no.

While a sellout crowd of 12,500 Kansans looked on in a mood that changed from noisy optimism to subdued awe, Cincinnati's unbelievably poised veterans calmly ignored the rocking, rhythmic clapping, chanting and singing of the excited partisan audience. With an almost casual disdain for the fact that their offense had been perfectly diagnosed, the national champions simply ran that offense anyway, displaying a precision so fine and a discipline so tight that Kansas State's excellent defensive responses were rendered useless. And if the team had a weak bench at

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could not have mattered less, for substitutes weren't needed.

When State actually stole the ball from them twice in the early minutes and took a 5-2 lead, the Bearcats were not fazed. And when State rallied to within two points of them near the end of the first half, they were not annoyed—they simply executed two pinpoint plays under the basket to lead by six. In the second half, when their timing reached its peak, the Cincinnati players worked the ball in so successfully that they scored a remarkable 12 of their 13 baskets from inside the free-throw lane.

The final score was 75-61. In accomplishing this, Jucker made almost perfect use of every player's ability. Wilson proved supremely adequate as Paul Hogue's replacement at center. He captured 14 rebounds, almost twice as many as anyone else on either team. He scored 22 points and he provided much more speed than Hogue.

The team's only outstanding shooter, Ron Bonham, showed no loss of stamina from the weight-reducing program that shrank him from 220 pounds to 193. His agility is twice what it was last year, his ability to recover on defense is now excellent, and he is jumping so much better that he got eight rebounds along with his 27 points, despite the fact that a cold had him coughing and sneezing throughout the game.

Cincinnati's best play, which Kansas State was thoroughly prepared for and still couldn't stop, involves two men forming a screen along one side of the free-throw lane while a third darts around from behind them, leaving his guard piled up in all the traffic. It looks deadlier than ever this season because of the quick reactions of Tom Thacker and the uncanny passes of Tony Yates, who also form an almost impenetrable front line on defense.

One of the most meaningful things to be seen in Cincy's win is the way Ed Jucker has taught his players to accept their limitations, an extremely difficult thing for talented young athletes to do. Nobody but Bonham, for example, does any shooting from outside. The rest have the restraint to work and work until they get a shot they can make. The result at Manhattan was a 47% shooting average against a fine defense. Another result may well be a third straight national championship. Cincinnati's foes seem doomed to make the jokes at the banquets, evolve the special strategies—and lose.

END

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FRANK MERRIWELL'S TRIUMPH

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



OR, HOW YALE'S GREAT ATHLETE CAPTURED AMERICA'S FANCY,
PURIFIED THE PENNY DREADFULS AND BECAME IMMORTAL

O

f all the bold Americans who have appeared on the sporting scene, none ever aroused the admiration or left so enduring an impression as one who never really existed. Frank Merriwell of Fardale Academy, Yale College and the world at large. The hero of the most widely read juvenile saga ever published, his very name is synonymous with the spectacular in sports. From 1896 to 1914 he performed unmatched feats of derring-do in *Tip Top Weekly*. He was a whiz at boxing, baseball (his "double shoot," which curved in both directions, was always good in the clutch), football, hockey, lacrosse, crew, track, shooting, bicycle racing, billiards, golf—in fact, any sport he deigned to play. No matter what plots the villains hatched, Frank always emerged triumphant. The schemers—sneaky Roland Ditson, swaggering Herbert Hammerswell, the son of "a pompous, vain, conceited, narrow-minded, back-number politician," and the rest of their ilk—were routed.

Frank Merriwell, in the words of his creator, Gilbert Patten, stood for truth, faith, justice, the triumph of right, mother, home, friendship, loyalty, patriotism, the love of alma mater, duty, sacrifice, retribution and strength of soul as well as body. Frank was manly; he had "sand." He was tolerant. Although he neither smoked nor drank—"Frank had proven that it was not necessary for a man to drink at Yale in order to be esteemed a good fellow"—he gladly "blew off" his chums to fix at Morey's while he quaffed ginger ale. He was honest. When some prankish classmates stole a turkey from a farmer's coop, Frank risked capture by staying behind to nail a \$5 bill to the roost. "Have all the sport you like over it," he told his laughing friends, "but I feel easy in my mind."

Above all, Frank was modest. As a freshman in a boarding house on York Street, he tolerated Spartan furnishings, but as a sophomore in South Middle he did up his rooms with souvenirs of his adventures in South America, Africa, Europe, Asia and Australia. On the floor were grizzly bear and tiger skin rugs; on the walls, bows and arrows, pistols

and "a heavy ax, the blade of which was rusty and stained with blood"; and, as a final touch, away up near the ceiling, "safely out of reach," a strange knife, tipped with green, in a glass case with the sign, THE SNAKE KNIFE OF THE PAMPAS. BOSSON! Frank's friends—Bart Hodge, Jack Diamond, Bruce Browning and the rest of the crowd—were wont to meet there once or twice a week for "jolly gatherings," but whenever anyone asked about the unusual decor, which "elicited no small amount of surprise," Frank would sigh, "What's the use of talking about what one has done? It's not that which counts here."

Such a hero could dazzle any generation. Among his admirers were Stanley Ketchel, Franklin P. Adams, Jess Willard, Floyd Gibbons, Jack Dempsey, Jerry Giesler, Fredric March, Christy Mathewson, Woodrow Wilson, Babe Ruth, Al Smith and Wendell Willkie. George Jean Nathan was so moved by Merriwell that he laid aside his acerbic pen to plead for a biography of Patten, and Westbrook Pegler recently lamented that Patten had never received the Pulitzer prize. "When I read Hemingway, Jack London and Skinny Caldwell of Tobacco Road, all fellows with scant respect for womanhood, nor reticence in matters which never should be mentioned in mixed company," Pegler wrote, "I pine for the fresh clear nobility which walked in gleaming armor even though dens of infamy flourished in all big cities and unwary daughters of our farmers vanished into Kansas City with straw suitcases."

There is no counting the number of youngsters Merriwell inspired. Clarence E. Mulford, the author of the Hop-along Cassidy stories, read Merriwell, and so did Dan Parker, the vigilant sports editor of the *New York Mirror*. "Every kid that would look at TV now read Merriwell," Parker says. "A lot of us thought he was real. He certainly couldn't have helped but give people the idea it was good to have clean sports. I got the idea Yale wouldn't be caught doing anything not true blue, but I couldn't say the same for Harvard."

Even today the nostalgic demand for Merriwell is so

continued

strong that Charles Bragin, a Brooklyn bookseller who specializes in dime novels, asks \$3,500 for a complete run of *Tip Top*, 986 copies all told. *Dime Novel Round-up*, a monthly magazine devoted to oldtime popular literature, gives over column after column to Merriwell minutiae, and its editor, Edward T. LeBlanc of Fall River, Mass., is such an enthusiast that he currently is compiling a plot synopsis of each issue of *Tip Top*. So far, he has read his way through the first 375. Another contributor, J. P. Gannon of Little Rock, Ark., has analyzed the letters column that ran in *Tip Top* for almost 20 years. In New York, the Friends of Frank Merriwell, an informal society, meets over the luncheon table in the name of fair play. Started by Joseph Graham, an insurance executive who is fond of introducing himself as "the president and beloved founder," the society has the motto, "No bullies or toadies allowed." One member, a reporter on *The New York Times*, was banished not long ago after a daily-double notation was found on the back of his membership card.

For the past two years, Harry Felsenstein, a New York label manufacturer, has been seeing one publisher after another in an effort to get the Merriwell stories republished. "They teach a sense of values that is missing today," Felsenstein says. "Whenever I went out to play baseball or football, I thought of myself as Frank Merriwell, and I found myself performing stunts I didn't think I was capable of, like making sensational catches, one-handed sensational catches. I always came through, advancing the runner. I never struck out. On the track team, in the last few yards, I always seemed to surge forward. Fantastic!"

The flame burns brightest at Yale, where Merriwell's legend has hung over the campus for more than half a century. Any number of students have gone to Yale because of him, ranging from the athletic to the intellectual, from Eddie Egan, class of '21, Olympic light heavyweight champion and onetime chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, to Jan Deutsch, '55, now law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart. One of the most brilliant students ever to enroll at Yale, Deutsch entered when he was only 16 on a Ford Foundation scholarship. After graduating with a 94 average, he got an M.A. from Cambridge and in June of 1962 became the first student in Yale history to receive, simultaneously, an LL.B. from the law school and a Ph.D. in political science from the graduate school. "As a small boy, I loved to listen to the radio series about Frank Merriwell at Yale," Deutsch says. "There was never any doubt about where I wanted to go." Merriwell was the boyhood hero of Jordan Olivar, the Yale football coach. In fact, at the start of the 1962 season, Olivar had two Merriwell novels in his desk. "If I had him today, he'd be quarterback," Olivar says.

Edwin Foster Blair, a New York lawyer and Yale fellow, recalls that when he was a tackle on the undefeated, untied team of 1923, a player who did something spectacular was

asked, "Who do you think you are, Frank Merriwell?" The closest any real-life Yale athlete has come to Merriwell was Albie Booth, who won eight varsity letters and captained the football and basketball teams. (He turned down the baseball captaincy "to give someone else a chance.") As a sophomore, Booth almost singlehandedly defeated Army and Chris Cagle in a football game Army was winning 13-0. Booth went in and scored three touchdowns, the last on a 65-yard punt return through the entire Cadet team. He kicked all the extra points as Yale won 21-13. In 1932 Booth made his sporting farewell by hitting a buses-loaded homer in the ninth to beat Harvard 4-3. Sportswriters invariably called him Frank Merriwell.

It is ironic that Gilbert Patten not only never attended Yale (or any college, for that matter) but had his play hissed off the stage by Yale students during its New Haven tryout. For 17 years Patten, under the pen name of "Burt L. Standish," ground out 20,000 words a week on Merriwell. It was mentally taxing and physically arduous. He bruised his typing fingers so badly that he had to hire a secretary. He walked furiously as he dictated. When he walked slowly, the narrative came hard. The faster he walked, the better it flowed. One morning he attached a pedometer to his leg and clocked four and a quarter miles in three hours.

In practically every way, Patten was unlike his fictional hero. Patten was a spindly small-town boy with a sense of inferiority. His pacifist parents constantly warned him against the shamefulness of fistfights. When he created Merriwell, he simply turned himself inside out. "It was natural for me to wish to make Frank a fellow such as I would like to have been myself," he said.

Patten was born in Corinna, Maine on October 25, 1866, the son of a carpenter, "a good, solid, honest Maine man of no distinctive talents." His mother was "simply and merely a good housewife and a loving, almost adoring mother." From the start, he was a storyteller. "I was trying to write stories even before I knew how to spell some of the simplest words," he later recalled. "My thirst for reading was fed at first upon Sabbath-school literature and such worn and tattered books as I found in my home." He started smoking at 14, when he indulged in 2¢ cheroots. He also got drunk on hard cider, but the experience, while "interesting, even exciting," helped make him into a Prohibitionist. When he was 15, he shocked his parents by running away. For six months he worked in a machine shop in Biddeford, Maine, and when he returned home, unrepentant, he announced he was going to be an author. He promptly wrote two stories, *A Bad Man* and *The Pride of Sandy Flat*, which he sent to Beadle & Adams, the leading dime novel publishers. He received a total of \$6 for both stories. "That," he said, "settled my career."

For the next 13 years Patten wrote westerns for Beadle & Adams. To get local color for such epics as *Hurricane Hol*, *The Cowboy Hotspur* and *Nobby Nat*, *The Tenderfoot*

Detective, he once took a train as far west as Omaha, where he spent a day before returning east. For a brief spell he also ran a weekly newspaper and managed a semipro baseball team. In 1886 he married the first of his three wives, Alice Gardner, who corrected the grammar in his copy. In 1891 they moved to New York.

After several years of routine success, Patten quit Boodle when the firm deducted \$10 from a \$100 payment because he asked for the money 10 days before publication of a story. To get by, he wrote boiler-plate pages for small country newspapers, 60,000-word juveniles for *Golden Hours* and, after much persistence, a series of boys' stories for *Good News*, a Street & Smith weekly. He also wrote a play, *Men of Millions*, which opened in New Haven. The leading lady, who played a social-climbing wife, so overacted that she was hissed from the stage and refused to return. The comedian got drunk. Patten decided it would be best to return to Maine. He was 29, the father of a 3-year-old son and close to broke. His big chance came a couple of months later, in December of 1895.

preferably a military or a naval academy. The stories should differ from the Jack Harkaways in being American and thoroughly up to date. Our idea is to issue, say, twelve stories, each complete in itself, but like the links in a chain, all dealing with life at the academy. By this time the readers will have become sufficiently well acquainted with the hero, and the author will also no doubt have exhausted most of the pranks and escapades that might naturally occur.

"After the first twelve numbers, the hero is obliged to leave the academy, or takes it upon himself to leave. It is essential that he should come into a considerable amount of money at this period. When he leaves the academy he takes with him one of the professor's servants, a chum. In fact any of the characters you have introduced and made prominent in the story. A little love element would also not be amiss, though this is not particularly important.

"When the hero is once projected on his travels there is an infinite variety of incident to choose from. In the *Island School* series, published by one of our London connections, you will find scenes of foreign travel with color. This material you are at liberty to use freely.

"After we run through twenty or thirty numbers of this, we would bring the hero back and have him go to college—say, Yale University; thence we could take him on his travels again to the South Seas or anywhere. . . ."

Patten was enthusiastic. He knew next to nothing about military schools, so he read a number of brochures and books about them. Having made notes, he thereupon wrote the first story in four days. He christened his hero Frank Merriwell, explaining, "The given name of Frank was taken to express one of the hero's characteristics—open, on the level, aboveboard, frank. Merriwell was formed by a combination of two words: 'merry'—expressive of a jolly, high-spirited nature—and 'well'—suggesting abounding physical health."

Patten adopted the pseudonym "Burt L. Standish" because of his love for Longfellow's poem, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Street & Smith accepted the story and offered Patten a contract to write Merriwell stories for three years, each story to be 20,000 words long, the salary a flat \$50 a week with no royalties. Patten signed for several reasons. "One," he said, "was that I was married and wanted a steady weekly income. Secondly, my father had been crippled by a fall and it had become necessary for me to support my parents. A third reason was that I believed I'd always be able to turn off my weekly Merriwell yarn in four days, which would leave me two extra working days a week in which to labor at the great American novel, which I still dreamed of writing."

The first story, *Frank Merriwell; or, First Days at Fardale*, Volume I, Number 1, appeared on April 18, 1896, and it began:



Shortly before Christmas, Ormond Smith, senior partner in Street & Smith, wrote to say that the firm was interested in putting out a weekly series, "something in the line of the Jack Harkaway stories, Gay Dashleigh series which we are running in *Good News* and the *Island School* series . . . the idea being to issue a library containing a series of stories covering this class of incident, in all of which will appear one prominent character surrounded by suitable satellites. It would be an advantage to the series to have introduced the Dutchman, the Negro, the Irishman, and any other dialect that you are familiar with.

"It is important that the main character in the series should have a catchy name, such as Dick Lightheart, Jack Harkaway, Gay Dashleigh, Don Kirk, as upon this name will depend the title for the library.

"The essential idea of this series is to interest young readers in the career of a young man at a boarding school,

continued

"Get out!"

Thump! A shrill howl of pain.

"Stop it! That's my dog!"

"Oh, it is? Then you ought to be kicked, too! Take that for your impudence!"

Cuff! A blow from an open hand sent the boyish owner of the whimpering poodle staggering to the ground, while paper bags of popcorn flew from his basket and scattered their snowy contents around.

"That was a cowardly blow!"

The haughty, over-dressed lad who had knocked the little popcorn vendor down, after kicking the barefooted boy's dog, turned sharply as he heard the words, and found himself face to face with a youth of an age not far from his own.

As they stood thus, eyeing each other steadily, the two boys presented a strong contrast. The one who had lately been so free with foot and hand had a dark, handsome, cruel face. He was dressed in a plaid suit of a very pronounced pattern, had patent leather shoes on his feet and a crushed felt hat on his head, wore several rings on his fingers and had a heavy gold double chain strung across his vest, while the pin in his red necktie was set with a "sparkler" that might or might not be genuine.



The other lad was modestly dressed in a suit of brown, wore well-polished shoes and a stylish straw hat, but made no display of jewelry. His face was frank, open and winning, but the merry light that usually dwelt in his brown eyes was now banished by a look of scorn, and the set of his jaw told that he could be firm and dauntless.

Thus, of course, is Frank Merriwell, fresh off the train at Fardale, and the bully is Bart Hodge, destined to become, as most bullies were, Frank's "admirer and unwavering friend." Frank challenges Hodge to fight for cuffing the little popcorn vendor, but Hodge refuses and drives off to

Snodd's boarding house, pausing only to lean out of the barouche and whip the poodle as he goes by. At Snodd's, Hodge further demonstrates his villainy by trying to kiss Belinda Snodd, the plump daughter of the proprietor. "Belinda—what a sweet name—how poetic!" exclaims Hodge. "You have the brown eyes of a fawn. The sight of those tempting lips makes me burn with a desire to taste their dewy freshness. Belinda, give me a kiss!"

Fat but frisky, she eludes him, and Hodge is further enraged at dinner when Frank makes sport of him with ventriloquism. Frank, it turns out, is a topnotch ventriloquist. When Hodge angrily leaves the table, Frank gets the other boys on his side: "Being a born diplomat, Frank decided that then was the accepted time to make himself solid at Snodd's, which he proceeded to do by keeping up a string of funny stories and witty sayings that convulsed the boys and made them decide that he must be a jolly good fellow."

Hodge arranges to have Frank slugged over the head and sprinkled with hard cider from Snodd's cellar. Despite Frank's protestations that "I do not know the taste of liquor," Snodd takes him for a thief and orders the popcorn vendor to drive Frank back to the railway station. But the little vendor refuses; as Patten put it, "The urchin was loyal." Snodd relents, and Frank and Hodge try to settle their differences with a fight. "You and I both can't attend Fardale Academy!" shouts Hodge during the melee. Though battered, Hodge refuses to give up. Frank offers to make peace, but Hodge shows himself to be "a sulker and a cad by his refusal to shake hands."

Enter Inza Burrage, who comes to picnic with Belinda and the boys. She is a dark-haired, red-lipped, jolly girl, and Frank is smitten. "For a moment Inza Burrage's dark eyes had looked straight into his brown orbs." (Later in the series, Frank would also be attracted by blonde Elsie Bellwood. It took him years to make up his mind which one he preferred.)

Alas, Hodge gets Inza as his tennis partner in a doubles game, and Frank looks bad as he is forced to cover the territory of his partner, plump Belinda. Just as Frank is striving extra hard, the popcorn vendor runs wildly toward them screaming, "Run! run! run! Mad dog! Mad dog!"

Hodge, the cad, flees. Inza trips, but Frank gently picks her up and moves her to the side as he prepares to battle an obviously hydrophobic canine with a jackknife.

"What are you going to do?" panted Inza. "You are not going to fight the dog?"

"Yes!"

"He will kill you!" she screamed. "Remember that one scratch from his teeth means sure death!"

"I know that!"

"Then run—run!"

"And leave you and these girls to be bitten by that

beast! Not much! Better that he should bite one than a dozen."

As the dog pounces, Inza stops panting. "What a brave, noble fellow he is!" her white lips whispered. "How terrible that he should give his life for me! How grand!" Snodd arrives and shoots the dog as Merriwell grapples with it. Again shown up by Frank, Hodge retaliates by locking him in a cemetery vault so he'll miss the entrance examinations for Fardale. As Frank is trying to find a way out, he hears a rustling. Rats! ("Surely the situation was one to appall the stoutest heart.") Here the scene fades, opening next at Fardale on the day of the exams. To the astonishment of Hodge, Merriwell bursts into the room. Foiled again. Witness to the dark deed, the loyal urchin had let Frank out. Hodge agrees to mend his ways, and he and Frank enter Fardale together. There, along with Barney Mulloy ("Begob! Oi filit that Oi had to do it. Two men were cuil, an' it sumed loike th' last chance!") and Hans Donnerwurst ("By Shimminy! dot peen der pest gatch yr efer saw my whole life in!"), he becomes one of Frank's satellites.

Within a few months, the circulation of *Tip Top Weekly* was 75,000 copies. Eventually it reached 300,000. After further adventures at Fardale—Frank, of course, was the star of all the athletic teams—his uncle Asher Merriwell dies, and he will direct that Frank leave the academy "and begin a series of travels through the United States and other countries." Professor Horace Orman Tyler Scotch, nicknamed "Hot" Scotch, becomes his guardian and traveling companion. After a series of daring feats around the world, in issues 12 to 39, Frank announces he is going to try for Yale College. "Good," says Inza, "I know you will cut as much of a dash there as you did at Fardale."

And, of course, Frank does. He is no sooner in quarters on York Street with his spooneristic roommate, Harry Rattleton ("I seel filly—I mean, I feel silly"), than he gets into a hassle with Jack Diamond, a hot-headed Virginian who has been "drinking beer with the boys, and is in a mighty ugly mood." They fight, and Frank, who has the habit of laughing through a bout, wins. Diamond is so angry he keeps his roommate awake all night by grinding his teeth "at irregular intervals." At Billy's, a freshman hangout, he dashes champagne into Frank's face and challenges him to a duel with rapiers. "Merriwell smiled and wiped the champagne from his face with a white silk handkerchief." Unbeknownst to his Yale chums, he is an expert fencer. "At Fardale he had been champion of the school, and he had taken some lessons in France while traveling." Frank disarms Diamond twice, gallantly permitting him the retrieve. A faculty raid causes the lads to flee, but "from that hour there seemed to be a sort of truce between Merriwell and Diamond. It was a long time before they showed signs of friendliness, but they fought together against the sophomores and Bruce Browning."

Giant Bruce Browning is "the king of the sophomores," and he deems the freshmen unpertinent. He goes into training to take care of Merriwell, but Frank can't care less. "Whenever anyone told him about it, he merely smiled." When they meet in the ring, Browning can do little. "Frank Merriwell continued to laugh, and it had been said at Yale that he was most dangerous in an encounter when he laughed." Frank gets the better of it, but the bout is sportingly declared a draw and Browning admits Merriwell "to be a coner."

Frank is busy on other fronts. He is one of "the best freshmen halfbacks ever seen at Yale." He not only strokes but coaches the freshmen crew ("something never attempted before—something said to be impossible") that defeats the sophomores. On the mound for the freshmen nine, he is a dazzler. The only way a Harvard batsman can get on is through an error. When Blossom, the Yale third baseman, fumbles a grounder, Frank says gently, "Steady, Bloss, old boy! You are all right. The best of us do those things occasionally. It is nothing at all." Then he retires the side.

Frank does so well that he is invited to try out for the varsity nine by Pierson, the manager. Even Frank is surprised by this, and his heart gives a great jump. "On the regular team! Why, he had not dreamed of getting there the very first season! Was Pierson giving him a jolly?"

Pierson was not. At Yale, the Yale of Merriwell anyway, democracy rules, and athletics are at the heart of this democratic spirit:

Merriwell knew well enough that Phillips men were given preference in everything at Yale as a rule, for they had friends to pull them through, while the fellows who had been prepared by private tutors lacked such an advantage. But Frank had likewise discovered that in most cases a man was judged fairly at Yale, and he could become whatever he chose to make himself, in case he has the ability.

Frank had heard the cry which had been raised at that time that the old spirit of democracy was dying out at Yale, and that great changes had taken place there. He had heard that Yale was getting to be more like another college, where the swell set are strongly in evidence and the seniors likely to be very exclusive, having but a small circle of speaking acquaintances. In the course of time Frank came to believe that the old spirit was still powerful at Yale. There were a limited number of young gentlemen who plainly considered themselves superior beings, and who positively refused to make acquaintances outside a certain limit; but those men held no position in athletics, were seldom of prominence in the societies, and were regarded as cads by the men most worth knowing. They were to be pitied, not envied.

At Yale the old democratic spirit still prevailed. The young men were drawn from different social conditions,

continued

and in their homes they kept to their own set; but they seemed to leave this aside, and they mingled and submerged their natural differences under that one broad generalization, "the Yale man."

And Merriwell was to find that this even extended to their social life, their dances, their secret societies, where all who showed themselves to have the proper dispositions and qualifications were admitted without distinction of previous condition or rank in their own homes.

Each class associated with itself, it is true, the members making no close friendships with members of other classes, with the possible exceptions of the juniors and seniors, where class feeling did not seem to run so high. A man might know men of other classes, but he never took them for chums.

The democratic spirit at Yale came mainly from athletics, as Frank soon discovered. Every class had half a dozen teams—tennis, baseball, football, the crew and so on. Everybody, even the "greasy" grinds, seemed interested in something, and so one or more of these organizations had some sort of a claim on everybody.

Besides this, there was the general work in the gymnasium, almost every member of every class appearing there at some time or other, taking exercise as a pastime or necessity.

The "Varsity Athletic organization drew men from every class, not excepting the professional and graduate schools, and, counting the trials and everything, brought together hundreds of men.

In athletics strength and skill won, regardless of money or family; so it happened that the poorest man in the university stood a show of becoming the lion and idol of the whole body of young men.



Like the Harkaway novels, which Patten was supposed to follow, there is no snobishness in Merriwell. In *Jack Harkaway at Oxford*, for instance, Sir Sydney Dawson, one of the better-minded characters, shows he has a kind heart by musing, "I wonder what a poor man at Oxford is like. I should like to see him. Perhaps an hour or two with a poor man would do

me good, always supposing he's a gentleman. I can't stand a cad." But to Patten, who styled himself an embryo socialist, such sentiments were unthinkable. In point of fact, the most villainous of Merriwell's enemies at Yale are well-to-do. There is Roland Ditson, who betrays the freshmen by informing the sophomores about their plan for the crew race. ("Ditson's parents were wealthy, and they furnished him with plenty of loose change, so that he could cut quite a dash.") To Frank, Ditson was a traitor, "a contemptible cur," and he gives him "a shake that caused the fellow's teeth to click together." "Tar and feather him!" shouts an outraged freshman, but Frank advises, "Let him go. He is covered with a coating of disgrace that will not come off as easily as tar and feathers." Ditson sneaks away, "the hisses of his classmates sounding in his ears."

In Merriwell's sophomore year there are tougher opponents: Dartmouth, Harvard and Princeton. The Dartmouth football players are "full of sand . . . being mostly sons of farmers and country gentlemen." Against Princeton, Frank stops the Tigers on the one-yard line and then scores the winning touchdown with only seconds left. At New Haven he rows with such ferocity against Harvard that he swoons in the shell out across the finish. "Did we win?" he asks, coming to. "You bet! It's hard to beat Old Eli!" "I am satisfied!" gasps Merriwell, swooning again. A stranger hurriedly offers a flask, but Frank revives to turn it away. "I never touch liquor," he says firmly. "I do not want to start now."

To keep the series going, Patten arranged to have Merriwell leave Yale temporarily. It develops that Frank has lost his fortune because of bad investments by Professor Scotch, and he goes to work for a railroad, settles a strike and writes a hit play, *John Smith of Montana*. Yale is sorely pressed by his absence. Harvard, Jack Diamond writes, is "arrogantly jubilant," while the nine is "putting up the yellowest kind of ball." When Yale plays the New Yorks at the Polo Grounds "in that city," the team is "white-washed, shut out, monkeyed with." Diamond laments for Old Eli, and the very mention of Merriwell causes Bruce Browning to grind his teeth and shake "his huge fist at the empty air."

Frank is downcast. "Dear old Yale!" he writes . . .

I see in fancy the elm-shaded campus, the fence, the buildings, my old room and—dearer than everything else—my friends, the friends I love! I see them gathered about me at the fence; I listen to their talk, their jokes, their laughter and their songs. Oh, those dear old days! Oh, those dear old songs! In fancy I am beneath the elms; you are there, Browning is there, Jones is there, Rattletton is there, Hodge is there! We are singing *Songs of the Summer Night, Bingo, Here's to Good Old Yale* . . .

I can't write about it, Jack—I can't! My heart is too full. Oh, I long to be back there again! I long to come back in time to have you with me. I long to line up with



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Miss Arkansas Edye Addington (photo) loves a winner, too!

the eleven again. I long to pull an our with the crew! I long to go into the box for the nine! And, by heavens! I want Bart Hodge behind the plate to catch when I pitch. He can handle my pitching as no other fellow ever handled it!

Frank does return to New Haven, with a new smash hit, *True Blue*, the finale of which shows him on stage in a racing shell. But since he has "been away from college, winning fame and fortune," he is obliged to spend the summer abroad catching up on his studies. In the British Isles, further adventures await: he beats the Irish Gamecock in a sparring match, even though blinded, buys a horse that wins the Derby (he outrages some onlookers by shaking hands with Toots, the colored jockey) and plays golf at St. Andrews, where he ties the course record after a few lessons.

Back at Yale, he rejoins the eleven. But by the time of the Harvard game, he is a frightful mass of bruises. Although he tries to hide his injuries, he has obvious difficulty trying to stand up. "What's the good of saying anything?" he asks. He sits out a scoreless first half, then yields to the demands of the crowd. "Well, how are you going to stand it out on the field?" Jack Diamond inquires. "I'll have to stand it there," was the grim answer. With a minute to go, he pounces on a Harvard fumble.

Frank felt a fearful pain running through him. It seemed to stop his wind, but it did not stop him. "I must do it," he thought.

He became blind, but he still managed to keep on his feet, and he ran on. Had Frank been at his best he would have crossed the Harvard line without again being touched; but he was not at his best, and Hollender came down on him. Ten yards from Harvard's line, Hollender tackled Merry.

Frank felt himself clutched, but he refused to be dragged down. He felt hands clinging to him, and, with all the fierceness he could summon, he strove to break away and go on. His lips were covered with a bloody foam, and there was a frightful glare in his eyes. He strained and strove to get a little farther, and he actually dragged Hollender along the ground till he broke the fellow's hold. Then he rolled across Harvard's line and fell.

It was a touchdown in the last seconds of the game. There was not even time to kick a goal, but Yale had won by a score of four to nothing!

He was carried from the field by his friends who took him to a hotel and put him to bed. A doctor came to see him and prescribed for him. They came round his bedside and told him what a noble fellow he was.

"Don't, boys!" he begged. "You make me tired! And I'm so happy! We won, fellows—we won the game!"

"You won it!" cried Jack Diamond fiercely. "They

can't rob you of that glory! They've tried to rob you of enough!"

"No, no! We all did it. Think how the boys fought! It was splendid! And that was the best eleven Harvard ever put on the field. Oh, what a glorious Thanksgiving!"

"Is there anything that Merriwell can't do?" asks a Yale student shortly afterwards. And the answer is no. At a shooting gallery Frank shows that he is a crack marksman, not only by plunging the target head on but by firing over his shoulder using a hand mirror. Challenged to billiards, he defeats the best of the day with "one of the handsomest massé shots ever seen." And there is no need to inquire what happens after a friend suggests that they take in a game of roller polo at a New Haven rink. Frank replies, "I'm with you. Used to fool a little with roller polo myself."

When Frank was in his senior year at Yale, Street & Smith suggested that another character, closely related to Frank, appear on the scene. Since this new character had to be old enough to enter Fardale, the firm suggested a brother instead of a son. The inventive Patten solved this with little difficulty. It seemed that before dying out West, Frank's father had remarried and sired another son. This is Dick Merriwell, whom Frank discovers in the Rockies. Dick is not only a half brother to Frank but half-savage; he has risen to young manhood in the wilderness under Joe Crowfoot, Indian guide, Dick resists Frank's efforts to send him East to the civilizing influence of Fardale and Yale, but after Indian Joe tries to shoot Frank, half-blood proves thicker than water, and Dick becomes Frank's protégé. He matriculates at Fardale and eventually Yale, where he carries on in the family tradition.

Out of Yale, Frank founds the Bloomfield Home for Wayward Boys, marries Inza Burrage and takes time out from world adventures to father Frank Jr. As Dick leaves Yale, Frank Jr., to the dismay of all bullies and toadies, enrolls at Fardale. So the saga ends. Patten carried it only to the birth of Frank Jr., where other hacks took over, but it did not last much beyond that, and the old spell was gone.

To the purists, Frank is the only one of the Merriwells who counted, and the series undoubtedly began to decline after Dick entered the scene. Patten himself realized this. "The reason was that Dick was not the character that Frank was," he recalled years later for James M. Cain. "I couldn't make him a replica of Frank, you know; he had to be different. But it was Frank who really stood for every boy's dream. Dick was all right, but not many boys wanted to be like him. And then I suppose I got careless. Frank's ventriloquism was a big hit. But Dick's capacity to talk with wild animals never went over. It just didn't click. I guess I had written Merriwells too long."

In 1914, after 20 million words of Merriwell, Patten asked for relief. He complained that he felt "like a horse in an old country treadmill." Once, when he wanted to get away on

continued

a trip, he did 50,000 words, two and a half stories, in a week, but that was his "best record." Merriwell took all his time. In the morning he would plot two or three chapters, before his secretary arrived at 9. Then he would dictate until noon or one o'clock. "At the end of the stretch I was often worn out and compelled to lie down for ten minutes or so before I could eat lunch," he later wrote in a biographical memoir. "After lunch I had a nap of thirty or forty minutes. Then I got out into the open air for a while. Persons who saw me walking about or loafing in the afternoon occasionally said: 'Well, you have a snap. Don't you ever work?'"

Street & Smith assigned a fresh team to Merriwell, but the series lasted for only three more years, devoted, for the most part, to the exploits of Frank Jr. Patten attributed its demise to the rise of the movies. "Instead of buying a book with it, the boy who had a nickel spent it on a motion picture," he said.



After giving up Merriwell, Patten continued to write at a furious pace through

most of the 1920s. He finished more than two dozen novels for boys (Lefty Locke is probably the most memorable of his later characters) and worked briefly in Hollywood. He found he could command only \$40 a script, so he returned to New York. The going was difficult. He tried his hand at a few Merriwell stories, but he had a hard time convincing editors that he could write other stories besides Merriwells. In desperation, he began grinding out stuff for Bernarr Macfadden's *Snappy Stories*, *Swozy Stories* and *True Story*. "It made me pretty sick," he said, "but the editors were convinced. It won me a market for adult adventure stuff." Patten drifted farther into the anonymous reaches of hackdom. In 1930 a feature writer for the *World* interviewed him and reported that Patten's favorite writers were Zola and Proust.

In 1934 Frank Merriwell became a radio program, but if Patten shared in the profits they must have been small. Several years later he was threatened with eviction from his apartment. In 1939 he was in the news again when he wrote a radio script for the Council Against Intolerance in Amer-

ica. The central figure was Dick, not Frank, and the role was played by Richard Merriwell Erickson, a pitcher for the then Boston Bees. According to the script, the pitcher for Fardale leaves the school to enroll at rival Etan. On the day of the Fardale-Etan game, the pitcher beans Sam, a Jewish player for Fardale, and then hits Dick. There is a run-pus, but Dick stands up for the pitcher, saying he is sure the pitcher would not hit a batter on purpose. Later the pitcher admits to Dick. "I did do it on purpose," and Dick says, "Yes, I know you did." And thus the pitcher sees that Dick saved him, and he apologizes to all concerned.

In 1941 Patten wrote his final Merriwell story. It was called *Mr. Frank Merriwell*, and it was published as a hard-cover novel. The scene is Elmsport, a town not far from New York. Frank is 30 and lives with Inza and daughter Bart (named for Bart Hodge) in a house called "The Nest." Frank Jr. is a war correspondent "over there, somewhere close to the blazing, blasting battlefield in stricken Holland." (He is later reported missing in action, but Frank père discovers him by chance as an amnesiac panhandler in Madison Square Park: "Suddenly, like the rending of a black cloud by a flash of lightning, recognition and remembrance came. He leaped to his feet, his eyes shining with a great joy. 'Father!'" Merriwell is looked upon as a warmonger by old Harry Willwin, the villain and local millionaire. Frank, who is anti-Communist and antifascist, wants America to prepare, and to that end he starts the Young Defenders of Liberty. He keeps track of the organization's growth on a huge map of the United States in his office: "Daily the map was becoming increasingly bespattered with pin-anchored tags."

The two high points in the novel come when Frank thrashes four ruffians with a cane and when Gladys, the town floozy, tells him, "If there were more men in the world like you there'd be less women like me." There is no reference to athletics, except for a brief note that Frank coaches the high school football and baseball teams on the side. The novel sold only 4,000 copies, and Patten blamed the publisher for poor distribution. Not long afterward, Patten moved to Vista, California, near San Diego, where he lived with his son, Harvan Barr Patten. On January 16, 1945 he died in his sleep. He was 78 years old.

"Did I love Merriwell?" Patten once answered an interviewer. "Not at first. Those early stories were more of a joke to me than anything else. But when it got so that half a million kids were reading him every week—and I think there were that many when you stop to think how the stories were lent from hand to hand—I began to realize that I had about the biggest chance to influence the youth of this country that any man ever had. And when you get the messiah complex you are lost. Yes, I loved him. And I loved him most because no boy, if he followed in his tracks, ever did anything that he need be ashamed of." **END**

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YESTERDAY

A Bunch of Farmers Upset Football Tradition

They all laughed when Alabama went to the 1926 Rose Bowl, but when the game was over, nobody looked down on southern teams again

by DAVE ANDERSON

When Alabama was picked to play in the 1926 Rose Bowl game against the mighty University of Washington football team, it was considered by many to be the worst mismatch in the history of the game. Alabama had a good enough record—nine straight wins—but football experts in the '20s all knew that southern football was barely on a level with junior varsity play in the rest of the country.

As it turned out, Alabama won—in the most thrilling Rose Bowl game ever played—and no one ever again sneered at southern football. Southern teams played in 13 of the next 20 Rose Bowl games, and today teams from the South dominate the big business of bowl games across the nation.

Dartmouth, the undefeated national champion, had been the first choice of the Rose Bowl committee for the 1926 game. But the Dartmouth players rejected the bid because they felt it was too long a trip to the Coast. Two weeks earlier Les Henry, the Rose Bowl committee chairman, had received a telegram, ostensibly from Alabama Governor W. W. Brandon, stating that, "If you are interested in a real opponent for your West Coast football team, then give Alabama serious consideration." Champ Pickens, the student manager of Alabama's 1896 team, had actually sent the telegram with the governor's blessing. "Alabama," read Henry's reply to the governor's mansion, "will be given the utmost consideration."

When the official invitation arrived in early December, Coach Wallace Wade

called a meeting of his Alabama team. "I put it up to the players," said Wade recently. "Going to the Coast was a big thing. It would take us five days on a train from Tuscaloosa. I told them it would deprive them of their Christmas vacation and that they would have to stay in training another three weeks. It took them about two minutes to make up their minds."

The slender Wade, who played guard for Brown in the 1916 Rose Bowl game, had come to Tuscaloosa as head coach in 1923. "It takes a good man to keep going when he's tired," he said as he greeted his players that fall. "That's the kind of man I'm looking for." One such man was Johnny Mack Brown. Brought up in the cotton fields of Dothan, Ala., Brown was later to appear in some 200 motion pictures. "I was a scabbard and a pass catcher," he recalls now, "and I weighed about 164 pounds, but I played every minute of every game for three years. When we went out for football at Alabama, we were expected to practice all afternoon. Wallace Wade always told us, 'A good football player never gets hurt.'"

However, Wade's concern over the threat of injury to one of his players, Quarterback Allison (Pooley) Hubert, resulted in cautious strategy for the Rose Bowl game. Hubert, a powerful runner in Wade's single-wing offense, also called the plays. On the Santa Fe special carrying the 22-man squad to California, Wade said to Hubert, "I don't want you to run much in the first half. Let's see how that Washington line

continued

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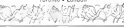
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shapes up. You know what happened to Neviers when he played against Washington." (Ernie Neviers of Stanford had been carried off the field on a stretcher after a few collisions with Washington's burly line.)

The tough Washington team had roared through its 11-game schedule (10-0-1), scoring 461 points to its opponents' 39. In their Rose Bowl drills at Seattle the Washington players acted as if the bowl game was nothing more than a light workout, despite warnings from Coach Elmer Buehler. By contrast, the Alabama players scrimmaged hard in the Rose Bowl itself the week before the game. Still, they couldn't convince anyone they had a chance. "They've got speed," commented Glenn (Pop) Warner, the famous Stanford coach, "but they're too light to stop that big Washington team."

Wildcat runs wild

Warner's prediction held true in the first half of the game. Washington scored on a one-yard plunge by Right Halfback Harold Putton after All-America Left Halfback George (Wildcat) Wilson had intercepted a pass to set up a 63-yard drive. Quarterback George Guttormsen's drop-kick for the extra point was no good. Minutes later Wilson broke away on a 36-yard run. Johnny Mack Brown, the last defender, stopped him on the 22. "Wilson had a habit of side-stepping and hitting you with his hip that made him tough to tackle," says Brown. "He was a great player; some people say he was the Coast's best halfback ever." On the next play Wilson threw a touchdown pass. Guttormsen's drop-kick hit the crossbar and bounced back on the field but Washington's 12-0 lead made the 1-to-2 odds look good.

At half time the Alabama team sprawled on crimson blankets spread at one end of the field. Wade, moving among his players, made two tactical changes. He ordered Hubert to run with the ball more often. And he shifted Guards Ben Enis and Bruce Jones to end on defense. "We needed more strength outside," said Wade, "to keep Wilson from going wide."

Early in the second half, with Wilson on the bench to rest bruised ribs, Washington punted out of bounds on its 42-yard line. Hubert, taking Coach Wade at his word, earned the ball five plays in a row for a touchdown: to the 31, to the

5 and almost yard by yard in the final three plunges. Bill Buckler converted with a place-kick. Again Washington, unable to move, punted to the Alabama 37. With the Washington defenses set to stop Hubert, Johnny Mack Brown ran to the right, sped downfield, slanted to the middle and caught a pass from Left Halfback Grant Gillis for a 59-yard touchdown play. Buckler again converted and suddenly Alabama had a 14-12 lead.

Moments later Washington fumbled and Enis recovered the ball on the Washington 30-yard line. Brown, whom Pop Warner called "one of the fastest foot-



FUTURE MOVIE STAR Johnny Mack Brown caught two passes for touchdowns.

ball players I've ever seen," ran the identical pattern and this time Hubert hit him with a touchdown pass.

In less than seven minutes Alabama had scored three touchdowns and, although Wilson returned in the final quarter to throw another touchdown pass for Washington, the "bunch of farmers from Alabama," as Johnny Mack Brown describes his team, "had won the Rose Bowl for the whole South" in a 20-19 upset.

The crowd that New Year's Day in 1926 was an estimated 45,000, about half of the attendance in recent years. "That 45,000 was close to capacity then," says Brown, "because the Rose Bowl wasn't really a howl; it was more of a horseshoe. One end wasn't closed. Alabama closed it for them."

END

HERE ARE BIDS YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE

1 PASS—5 PTS. DBL—3 PTS.

Partner is expected to have at least eight points. Your pass will tell him you have neither a four-card major suit nor a hand with diamond length. Should he now bid a major, you can expect it to be five cards long, and can immediately contract for game. If he has no such major suit he will surely double, and the penalty should be rewarding.

2 3 DIAMONDS—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

Partner's bid indicates a fine hand with few, if any, clubs. Opposite such a hand, all your high cards are gilt-edged. An immediate diamond bid describes your length, denies a four-card major and enables you to go to slam should partner jump to five diamonds. A pass may achieve the same end if partner bids a major suit but leaves you embarrassed for a good call if he bids three diamonds.

3 PASS—5 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—3 PTS.

The bidding has warned of a dreadful misfit, and any undoubted contract should be welcome. There is no reason to bid three diamonds even if the opposition chooses to double three clubs. Your bidding has indicated your six-five distribution. A bid of three no trump deserves a two-point demerit and the suggestion that you buy a new shirt. You just lost one.

4 3 SPADES—5 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—3 PTS. 4 CLUBS—2 PTS. 5 CLUBS—1 PT.

One of my principles when contracting for what might prove to be a tight game is to attempt to make the hand with strength—in this instance East—do the leading. By cue-bidding three spades, I hope to entrust the play of three no trump to my partner so that his possible holding of Q-small or J-small in spades may provide a second guard in the suit or gain valuable time if East elects to lead some other suit.

5 4 DIAMONDS—5 PTS. 6 SPADES—3 PTS. 5 SPADES—2 PTS. 5 CLUBS—1 PT.

If partner holds something like six spades to the ace-king and a singleton diamond it is easy to see a slam in spades. However, if East is honest about his cue bid, and you have every reason to suspect that he is, the enemy may be able to make six hearts—or even seven—if partner fails to open a diamond against their grand slam try. A strategic bid of four clubs might also work well.

6 3 HEARTS—5 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—4 PTS. 4 HEARTS—3 PTS. PASS—1 PT.

Your values add up to only 14 points, and your partner's bidding shows at most 10

But if you pass you give the opponents a cheap opportunity to find their spade fit and subsequently to outbid you. If partner elects to carry on to game, you will probably make it if his values are in the red suits—exactly the situation that might make it possible for the opponents to make four spades, given a chance to get into the act.

7 3 HEARTS—5 PTS. 4 HEARTS—3 PTS. PASS—2 PTS. 2 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

Your partner's two-heart bid indicates distaste for both of your suits and some length in hearts. Game is not impossible if your partner is willing to continue after you raise. Your doubtless need not deter you from this bid, for partner must have either a six-card suit or an excellent five-card holding.

8 2 SPADES—5 PTS. 3 CLUBS—2 PTS. 3 SPADES—1 PT.

It is true that you have values in excess of your opening bid, but, with danger that you may have encountered a misfit, cautious behavior is indicated. A rebid of three clubs has the disadvantage of getting you too high and would also be construed as forcing.

9 3 SPADES—5 PTS. 2 SPADES—3 PTS. 4 SPADES—1 PT.

While slightly lacking the strength to move upon a game, this hand is worth 12 points in support of spades. In light of your previous pass, partner knows you cannot have much more. If he has a sound opening, he will go on to four; if he has a shaded opening, you will have given him the chance to check out.

10 6 HEARTS—5 PTS. 5 HEARTS—4 PTS. 4 SPADES or 5 CLUBS—1 PT.

Your second bid of two diamonds was highly conservative. Now, in the face of partner's leap to four hearts, slam possibilities look bright. I am normally averse to slam invitations above the game level, but this is an exceptional case, and five hearts is likely to be quite safe.

11 4 HEARTS—5 PTS. 5 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 4 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

Partner has heard your diamond preference and has asked you to proceed to game. He must have a very good heart suit, and your support is adequate. A raise to four hearts is superior to trying for an eleven-trick game. If four diamonds is avoiding the issue entirely.

12 2 NO TRUMP—5 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—4 PTS. PASS—2 PTS. 2 HEARTS—1 PT.

It is your duty to advertise the heart shoppers, hence the no trump call is recommended despite lack of strength in the black suits. Part-

ner's redouble has indicated a good hand, and his rebid may have been hampered by the opponents' heart call. Though your hand is only slightly more than a minimum, partner should be given one more chance to bid.

13 PASS—5 PTS. REDBL—5 PTS.

Selection between the two top choices will be dictated by your estimate of partner's soundness. The important decision is not to run out of three no trump. Despite your warning against that contract, partner has seen fit to bid three no trump. He must, therefore, be well prepared.

14 3 SPADES—5 PTS. 4 NO TRUMP—3 PTS. 5 CLUBS—2 PTS. 6 CLUBS—1 PT.

Partner's rebid of one no trump as a free bid after the adverse heart call has denoted a good hand. Slam prospects are bright and a cue bid of three spades is the proper step in that direction. A Blackwood inquiry is acceptable, since we are willing to gamble on slam if partner has two aces. Other calls have little advantage.

15 PASS—5 PTS. DBL—3 PTS. 5 HEARTS—2 PTS.

The pass leaves the final decision to your partner. Obviously you can double the five-club bid and expect to collect a profit, but this would also suggest to partner that the outlook for five hearts is not good. Since all your cards are well positioned, you should make what amounts to a forcing pass and leave the decision to partner.

16 4 SPADES—5 PTS. 3 SPADES—3 PTS. 4 NO TRUMP—2 PTS. 5 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

Even though your cue bid committed your side to game, four spades, rather than three, gives the clearer picture of your spade power. The conserving of bidding space is not important. If further action is forthcoming partner should be able to take the initiative, for you have described your hand. However, four no trump does have the virtue of paving the way to slam if partner happens to hold the missing ace.

17 4 HEARTS—5 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—2 PTS. 4 SPADES—1 PT.

By rebidding hearts before mentioning the spades, partner has shown a six-four holding in the majors. He also promises a fairly good hand—with indifferent cards he could have passed two no trump. Your jack and one heart is now adequate support, and your partnership has eight hearts as opposed to seven spades. A repeat of no trump falsely suggests greater diamond strength.

18 DBL—5 PTS. 2 SPADES—2 PTS. 2 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

The enemy is in an exposed position and you are ready to bombard him. Partner is probably short in diamonds, and a handsome penalty is in view in your hand, where your own prospects for game are not bright. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The interleague trading period came to a close with the National League's **Clayton Kershaw** and **Francisco Lirio** trading to the **Los Angeles Dodgers** for **Clayton Kershaw** and **Francisco Lirio**. **Clayton Kershaw** is a pitcher and **Francisco Lirio** is a catcher. **Clayton Kershaw** is a pitcher and **Francisco Lirio** is a catcher.

BASEBALL—**NBA**—**LOS ANGELES**, with **Elliott** averaging 48.8 points during the week, won four straight and increased its lead in the Western Division. The Lakers downed **Phoenix** 124-121, partially restoring their previous losses to **Sacramento** with a 126-115 victory and **San Antonio** 124-114. **Phoenix** twice, 120-118 and 123-104. **St. Louis** stayed in control by beating **Denver** and **New York**, while dropping out in the Eastern Division leads, **Boston**. The Celtics also beat **Denver**, 101-93, but lost two games, one to **Cleveland** (124-121) in which 13-year veteran **Bob Cousy** sank seven field goals.

He thus set a league record of 3,528, no more than 100 left, but injured. **Dolph Schayes** of **Syracuse**. The Nets dropped two but surged in second, followed by **Cincinnati** and **New York**. **THE U.S.** wound up the **Philippines** Invitational International tournament in Manila with its sixth straight victory, smothering the host country 84-58 in a game marked by 49 personal fouls. **Canada**, 3-1, was second in the international competition.

BOWLING—**BILLY GOLEMBIEWSKI** of **Denver** rolled a final game of 224 to beat **Earl Johnson** by 47 pins and earn top prize money of \$4,000 in the \$20,000 **Champion** (N.C.) Open.

BOWLING—**DUELLO** **LOL**, 35-year-old **Indian**, regained the world junior lightweight title by outpointing **Edgar** **Perkins**, 25, of **Chicago**, in 15 rounds before 15,000 fans in **San Antonio**. **Moore** took every round but could never catch the back-peddling **McIntire** long enough to land a damaging blow. **DOUG JONES** came back from being dropped in the first round to knock out **Henry** **Smith** 10-0 in the sixth of a 10-round bout in **Madison Square Garden**. **CASHUS CLAY**, Louisville's lead young heavyweight, has signed to fight **Charlie** **Powell**, a former pro football player, in **Pittsburgh** on **January 31**.

FIELD HOCKEY—**MCCASKEILL'S MR. RANGER**, a 35-year-old Irish-and-white pioneer from **Rockingham, N.C.**, won his first national title by taking the **Open Shooting Dog Championship** in **Orange, Va.** Handled by **Art** **Wetzel**, the victory was worth \$1,500 to **Owens** **Lease** **F. McCaskeill**.

FISHING—**DOROTHEA L. DEAN**, **gambian**, corner and one of the country's best anglers, ranked in eighth position in the **Washington-Sheridan** **Swan** (Pa.) **Liga** **Tackle** **Swan** tournament.

FOOTBALL—**NFL**—**GREEN BAY**, playing with its third Western Division title safely won, captured the surprisingly plucky **Los Angeles Rams** 20-17 to set up a championship game with **New York** on Dec. 30. **Pittsburgh** **Pirates** **Ray** **Leary** scored one of the **Packers** touchdowns, establishing a new season record of 18. **Chicago**, displaying its first defensive effort of the season, took the pressure off the **Packers** by winning **Minnesota** 3-0 on a two-quarter field goal by **Roger** **Lester**. This left the **Bears** in third place with a 9-3 record. **Baltimore** **Raiders** **lost** fourth after beating **Minnesota** 42-17. **The Vikings** were again most noticeable. The **Cats** defeat game things 2-11-1 mark, one less victory than in their league debut last season. In the East, **NEW YORK**, which had clinched the title two weeks earlier, scored a 49-31 triumph over fifth-place **Dallas** before a seven-straight-walkout crowd at **Yankee Stadium**, but **Quarterback** **A. A. Tate** suffered an apparently serious back injury during the game. He had thrown six

FACES IN THE CROWD



PHIL HUNT, a 6-foot-3 **Rollins College** sophomore, scored 20 points to lead his team to an 88-66 triumph over **Georgia State College**, in **Winston Park, Fla.** It was the **Tam**'s first victory in 35 games and ended their claim to basketball's longest college losing streak.



BILLIE DOMINGUE, 37, of **Port Arthur, Texas**, defeated 11 women to capture her second straight world duck-calling championship, in **Stuttgart, Ark.** She learned the sport from her parents eight years ago, because "if you live with it you have to do it yourself."



PAM SWART of **Fort Lauderdale, Fla.**, as 18-year-old freshman at the **University of Michigan**, was the 200-yard freestyle in a meet record 2:09.1 and the 100 in 58.6 to lead the **Wolverines** to first place in the **Women's Intercollegiate Championships** at **Michigan State**.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Three times last week eastern teams got help from some improbable sources. **Temple's** **Bob Harrington** lost one of his contact lenses early in the game against **Wake Forest** and had to go to the bench. His three brothers rushed home by taxi and found an old pair of **Bob's** glasses. Back in the game, **Harrington** sank a layup to break a 40-40 tie, then hit three straight jumpers, and **Temple** won 61-53. **Providence's** **Bob Simoni**, on the bench in street clothes because of an ailing knee, got a doctor's clearance to play late in the first half against **St. Louis**. He scored two quick baskets, and the **Friars** went on to an upset win, 64-57. **Providence** also needed some late heroisms—a layup and two free throws by **Vincent** **Ernst** in the last 45 seconds—to squeak past **St. Francis** 68-67.

Villanova's **Richie Richman**, who quarterbacked the **Wildcats** against **Oregon State** in the **Liberty Bowl** on Saturday afternoon, took over on the basketball floor that same night when **Playmaker** **Wally Jones** fouled out. He helped **Villanova** take **Niagara**, an earlier 76-67 winner over **Duquesne**, down to

the final buzzer. But **Niagara's** **Bill Kennedy** sank a last-minute jump shot, and the **Eagles** won 73-71. **St. John's**, too, took a turn at making life miserable for **St. Louis**. The **Redmen** matched **St. Louis'** obdurate defense with one of their own and came from 10 points behind to beat the **Bills** 54-48.

Pitt surprised **Duquesne** by opening with a full court press and a furious fast break in the **Steel Bowl** final, and the bewildered **Dukes** never recovered. **Little Dave Roman** scored 20 points, big **Brian Generalovich** got 23 more as **Pitt** won easily, 85-59.

St. Joseph's, after a severe 74-46 drubbing by **Wake Forest**, went to a straight zone to contain **NYU's** **Barry Kramer**. It didn't stop **Kramer**, who scored 29 points, but **St. Joe's** won anyway, 74-64. **Penn** and **Princeton** were still undefeated. **Penn** downed **Swarthmore** 104-58 and held off **Vanderbilt** to win 74-70; the **Tigers' Bill Bradley** scored a total of 53 points in a 93-68 romp over **Colgate** and a 65-54 defeat of **Navy**. The top three:

1. NIAGARA (9-0)
2. PITT (9-0)
3. PRINCETON (9-0)

THE SOUTH

"This team is just plain elite," complained **Kentucky's** **Adolph Rupp**. "Until these boys start playing like a team instead of five selfish strangers we aren't going to win anything." Last week the **Wildcats** got together. They fed the ball to **Cotton Nash** and **Don Rolfe** for 37 points and beat **Florida State** 83-54. **Northwestern** triple-teamed **Nash**, but he got away from his tormentors long enough to score 27 points as **Kentucky** won 71-60.

It might take more than togetherness for **Kentucky** to finish on top in the SEC, however. **Challengers** were turning up all around the **Wildcats**. The latest was **Auburn**, which shuffled in and out of **Texas Tech's** 2-4-2 zone with calculated efficiency and beat the **Raiders** with a flawless performance, 86-57. And there was always **Mississippi State**, a 77-66 winner over **Memphis State**.

Duke looked more formidable than ever against **Vanderbilt** and **Clemson**. When **Art Heyman** encountered stiff resistance from **Vandy's** defenders, he turned passer, and the **Blue Devils** won 90-70. Against **Clemson**, **Heyman** fired in 30 points, and **Duke** downed the passive **Tigers** 92-67. But **Louisville** caught the weary **Blue Devils** with their defenses dragging. The **Cardinals** were only one point behind with 2:27 to go when **Heyman** (who scored 35) dropped in

touchdown passes to set two NFL season records: the most touchdowns passed by a team, 25, the most by an individual, 23 (see page 23). Pittsburgh beat one-time division leader Washington 27-24 and finished with a 4-3 week, the best in Steelers history. Washington, after winning only one game last season, had to be content with fourth place and a 6-6 record. Jerry Brown shocked through the mud to score both Cleveland touchdowns and give the Browns a 13-10 triumph over San Francisco and a third-place finish. Los Angeles Philadelphia 45-23 to leave the Eagles all alone in the cellar.

AFL HOUSTON squeaked last-place New York 44-16 to clinch its third straight Eastern Division title and the right to play the Dallas Texans for the league championship on Dec. 23 (see page 23). George Blanda, Billy Cannon and Charlie Taylor led the Oilers to their fifth victory against the Dallas Texans, its title hopes gone, was obliging enough to help first-place Oakland trap top footballers' longest career losing streak in a rivalry by losing that one. Buffalo had again finished the season with a 3-6-1 record. In the Mustang Division, Bobby Byrd led the league record for pass interceptions with four against third-place San Diego. Dallas bounced up for a title game by beating the Chargers 16-17. Second-place Denver lost its season a week ago, with a 3-7 record.

COLLEGE: OREGON STATE, with the country's best college football player, Terry Baker, making his debut for the much-debated past Villanova 6-0, in the Liberty Bowl in Philadelphia (see page 10).

NEBRASKA, first making sure its \$35,000 guarantee check was good, came in New York's football bowl and beat Miami 34-14 in the Orange Bowl's wildcat game. As elusive as the football were the fans. Only 6,166 of them showed up.

SOLF—The start of the \$30,000 Hag and Hag Scotch Mixed Fourcous in Sebring, Fla. was delayed three hours when the temperature dropped to 27°, but it didn't affect Marvin Knutson and Kathy Whitworth, who burned up the course with a two-and-a-half 70 to take a lead they never relinquished. They finished with a 48 and a par 275 and collected \$22,225 each. Hawk's stand Jack Pung asked what was keeping her warm, quipped, "740 pounds."

HOCKEY: NHL DETROIT crushed New York's losing streak to six games with a 3-2 victory and then dispatched league-leading Chicago 3-1 to move into a first-place tie with the Black Hawks. Chicago entered Detroit New York 6-1. The league started by losing Detroit to New York 5-3, in a game delivered by 44 penalty minutes; Chicago to Toronto, 6-2, in the Maple Leafs moved to win two points of the top. Montreal remained fourth by tying and beating Boston, and losing to New York.

HORSE RACING: JET DECK (\$2,800) shattered out of the gate and galloped steadily away from the racehorse field to win the Far West's richest race, the 100-yard \$100,750 Los Alamitos (Calif.) Futurity for quarter horses.

TRACK & FIELD: VALERIE BRUMEL, the world's best high jumper, doubled some of his other talents in a meet in Moscow, winning the 16-meter high and the broad jump, with a leap of 24 feet in the high and finishing second in the shotput.

FLIE: MURKLE, a 33-year-old New York Age machine, was the fastest machine ever recorded by an American to win the 15th annual Western Hemisphere event in Culter City, Calif. He covered the 20-mile 383-yard course in two hours 17 minutes and 11.4 seconds.

MILPORES—NAMED: DICK TIGER, the rugged middleweight champion from Nigeria, as Fighter of the Year by the Boxing Writers Association. NAMED: SU MAC LAD, the only fighter to win two titles in two arenas or less on a half-mile track, as Harness Horse of the Year. Owned by Irving M. Berkman, the 8-year-old gelding collected 520 points in the U.S. Trotting Association's poll. SUSPENDED: ALEX POLLOCK, 46, Silver Spring, Md. starter, for cheating by the National Roping Commission for participating in an illegal kind of a bet during the 1970 season. HOSPITALITY: EDIE MACH, N.Y. heavyweight contender, after being found in his car with a suicide note and revolver. Mach entered Napa (Calif.) State Hospital early but later attacked three attendants in an attempt to escape. DIED: ALAN RYND 16, and PHILIP BELET, 55, members of the French junior ski team, in an avalanche in Val d'Isère.



DANNY BACHA, 24, a former football at Princeton and now a Rhodes scholar at Oxford University, starred his Rugby Blue by playing in the annual match against Cambridge. His passing was good but not enough to overcome the Cambridge team, which won 14-0.



ELLEN GRIFFIN, a professor of physical education and public instructor at the Woman's College of North Carolina for 22 years and author of a golf teaching manual, was named Teaching Pro of the Year by the Ladies Professional Golf Association.



ED GOOPER, 24, a Seattle mountain climber and photographer, led a three-man team up the previously un conquered 3,604-foot southwest face of El Capitan in Yosemite National Park. The week-long ascent marks with the most difficult ever accomplished in the U.S.

two free throws. Duke hung on to win 76-75.

West Virginia missed ailing Rod Thorn, who sat out most of the game with a sprained ankle, but Jim McCormick picked up the lagging Mountaineers with 16 points and led them past Richmond 78-59.

Western Kentucky was hospitable to a fault when Bowling Green came to town. The Hilltoppers gave BG Coach Harold Anderson (who retires after this season) a Kentucky country ham, a Kentucky cologne and one of Coach Ed Diddle's famous red towels. Then they gave the Falcons the game 83-58. The top three:

1. DUKE (6-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (5-0)
3. ARIZONA (3-0)

THE MIDWEST

It was just no week for Kansas. They expected Cleveland to maul their two top teams, and the Bearcats did, beating Kansas State 75-61 (see page 84) and Kansas 64-49. But they weren't quite prepared for what Arizona State did to them. With Joe Caldwell, Tom Cerkvenik and Art Becker popping merrily away at the end of a fast break, the slick Sun Devils beat Kansas 71-62, then Kansas State 77-72.

Ohio State came back rusty after a week's layoff for exams but still had enough power to turn back TCU 74-62. But Big Ten trou-

ble loomed ahead for the Buckeyes. Illinois won its third straight, over Iowa State 76-73 in overtime, sophomore Bill Buntin led Michigan past TCU 82-60 and Evansville 71-64, and Minnesota put down Bradley 73-63 before losing to DePaul 76-74.

Loyola of Chicago was still knocking over opponents at a 100-point-per-game clip. The Ramblers trounced Wisconsin at Milwaukee 137-47 and South Dakota 105-58. Notre Dame looked almost as good against tough competition. With 6-foot-9½ sophomore Walt Sahm taking in the rebounds, the unbeaten Irish overwhelmed Western Michigan 82-68 and Creighton 74-48. Marquette outlasted Kansas State 72-71, and Dayton lost to Seattle 75-58. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (5-0)
2. OHIO STATE (5-0)
3. LOYOLA (4-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M's Bob Rogers had two things going for him when his Aggies took on Houston at College Station: a 27-homegame winning streak and a plan. Rogers knew that Houston likes to work the ball in close, then bring its off-side forward in for a pass. So he had his boys beat the forward to the spot. That threw the Cougars off stride, and Bernie Lemmon's basket with 42 seconds left won for the Aggies 69-67.

While Texas A&M and SMU, which beat LSU 83-68 and Tulane 99-75, flourished, Texas and Arkansas had their troubles. The rangy Longhorns lost to LSU 75-66 and Oklahoma State 69-65; Arkansas bowed to Oklahoma State 46-45 and Tulsa 76-68. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (3-0)
2. TEXAS A&M (3-0)
3. HOUSTON (3-1)

THE WEST

Oregon State's Slat Gill just couldn't believe it after California ball-hunged its way past his Beavers 61-59. "Mel Counts gets 29 points and we still can't break 60," grouched Gill. The next night he threw a zone defense at Cal, Counts got 28 and this time Oregon State broke 60. It also won, 70-60.

While Stanford was having trouble squeezing past San Francisco 44-43, UCLA and USC took turns walloping two Big Eight visitors. The Bruins drubbed Oklahoma 101-64 and Missouri 72-55; USC beat the same pair, 66-51 and 77-70.

Unbeaten Colorado State, playing its usual waiting game, was too much for Arizona. The Rams converted 35 free throws and won 75-65. The top three:

1. STANFORD (3-0)
2. COLORADO STATE (3-0)
3. SEATTLE (3-0)



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